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THE HIDDEN WELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

In the midst of a plain the weeds grew dank,
Save in arid spots where lay the sand,
And their thirsty mouths the rain-drops drank,
Nor left a trace of the moist'ning hand.
All around was silent and sad and still,
As blasted by desolation's breath,
Save when the notes of some wild-bird shrill
Startled the air like the cry of death.

No human habitation was near,
Few were the feet which had trod the plain;
And no reaper's voice rang full and clear,
As bowed the heads of the ripened grain.
But the weeds grew up and withered there,
And the plain was dreary, sad and lone;
And the Autumn left it sere and bare
To the tempest's sweep and the wild-wind's moan.

But an angel passed o'er the place and smiled,
And where that smile like a sunbeam fell,
In the midst of rank weeds, and feru-leaves wild,
Sprang up in the desert a hidden well.
Like the garden of God the desert bloomed,
As the hidden well its moisture shed,
And sweet flowers the desert air perfumed,
Where the noxious weeds their poison spread.

* * * * * * *

There are human hearts which are deserts now,
And only by storms of passion stirred;
Ah, bright might they bloom could they learn to bow
To that angel's smile—a kindly word.
But the storms of sorrow, the blasts of scorn,
Have left them lonely, and sad and drear,
And there breaks on their night no gladd'ning morn
To cheer the glow of their pathway here.

But a kindly word may illume the plain
And stir the deep fountains of the soul,
The desert bloom 'neath the ripening grain,
As the passions bow to the mind's control;
And all may be beauty, life, and light,
Awakened to being by the spell
Of a kindly word which has banished night,
And stirred the depths of the hidden well.

HANDSOME ANDRE;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE ("PAUL SAUNIER").

CHAPTER XV.

JEANNETTE'S RIVAL.

It was in vain she strove, by every imaginable argument, to convince the stubborn innkeeper that there was no danger in informing him of the new hiding-place the Baron had found. Master Lecol was inflexible.

"I am paid to hold my tongue," said he; "no exception has been made. I was told to tell no one, and I will tell no one."

This was his position, and he would not budge from it. Andre was furious. Had the Baron intentionally neglected to leave his new address for the man who had saved his life, or had he merely forgotten to do so?

By force of reflection, Andre was drawn to the conclusion finally that the first of these two hypotheses was correct. It might be that he was spied on by the emissaries of the Count—they might follow him, and thus he might lead them, however much against his will, directly to the new hiding-place of his friend. He did not blame the innkeeper so much, therefore, after all, for keeping his own counsel.

One thing was certain. The Count had been informed that his final directions to his men-at-arms to despatch their victim had not been executed, and he had informed himself, too, of the fact that Robert still lived. On this intelligence he had evidently started a fresh pack of hounds on the scent. Under these circumstances, it would never do to slumber in fancied security.

Andre was about to leave the inn, when the doorway was darkened by two men, wearing tattered slouched hats of a dingy fig, and coats which matched their head-covering as regards dilapidation, and each carrying a formidable rapier at his side.

Our hero recognized at once the type of ferocious adventurer of the period, to which they undoubtedly belonged. He understood at a glance that the two were rogues of the worst sort, for they carried on their faces the unmistakable marks that led to this conclusion. What business had they at "The Golden Sheaf?"

As for the two strangers, they cast a defiant look at the uniform of the officer, but hesitated in the doorway. Perhaps even they would have retired had not Master Lecol recognized and greeted them.

"Ah, it is you, messieurs?" said he with a conciliatory smile. "Will you please be seated? I will come, doubtless, to learn if I have gathered any information for you in regard to the subject we were speaking of."

"Precisely so," replied one of the ruffians, striving to assume an easy, cavalier air.

"Well," said Master Lecol, "I regret that I am obliged to say I have not been successful in my inquiries, from which I conclude that you have been mistaken in regard to the traces you spoke of."

"No, indeed; we both found and followed the same traces, and it is impossible that we should both be mistaken."

"Then, messieurs, carry on the further search without my assistance, and better luck to you," said the innkeeper.

"That's your answer, is it? Then we'll search our books from cellar to garret, to begin with."

Andre guessed that the two wretches were the emissaries of the Count. Rage and indignation got the better of his prudence.

"No, messieurs," said he, "Master Lecol will submit to no nothing of the sort. He is in his own house, and has a right to forbid any search of his apartments without authority of the law."

"Didn't I tell you this old fool was playing with us?" said the ruffian, turning to his companion. "The man we seek is here, and we will not leave till we have found him."

With these words he moved towards the staircase.

"You shall not pass!" said Andre, throwing himself resolutely before them, and barring the way.

"Here, boy! Are you mad?" said the innkeeper. "Since when have you got the right to interfere with my business? I don't desire that your friendship for me should lead you into such follies, and make me enemies." Then, addressing the two ruffians: "Do not mind him, messieurs. This lad is the nephew of one of my dearest friends, and he has labored under the impression that you were threatening me with bodily harm, that I am in danger, for he does not know the first thing about what we are talking of. He has done wrong, and I beg you will excuse him. As for me, who am an honest man, and who have nothing to fear from anyone, I am ready to gratify your greatest curiosity," and if you will take the trouble to go upstairs ——"

He pointed to the staircase as he said these words, and the two fierce-looking rogues accepted his invitation, and moved towards the staircase.

"Stupid!" said Lecol to Andre in a low tone, as he passed before him, and then, gently pushing him aside, continued aloud with a patronizing laugh: "Come, Sir Hothead, reserve for a better occasion this display of your courage and heroism. Come, gentlemen, follow me."

Andre understood now that he had been grievously at fault in taking action as he had done, and felt that the impudence of Master Lecol towards him would succeed better in throwing the hounds off the scent than he could have done by disputing their way with his naked sword. He allowed himself, therefore, to be put aside without making any opposition. The two ruffians passed him with disdainful and forbidding looks, which he answered with a shrug of his shoulders and a steady look, expressive of defiance and contempt.

Anxious to know the result of the search and to witness what course Lecol might take, he did not leave as he had intended, but, on the contrary, seated himself at the table and patiently waited. After fifteen minutes had passed, he saw Lecol return, still smiling graciously, followed by the unknown men. It was clear to him that the shrewd landlord had satisfied the visit of this character, and had put everything in order above stairs, so that there remained not the slightest trace of Robert's sojourn at the inn. The two adventurers wore on their faces a look of disappointment which did not escape Andre. They walked through the apartment and out of the door with the most meek and crestfallen air imaginable, Master Lecol following and ushering them out with a never-ceasing flow of polite phrases and an abundance of obsequious bows.

When they had disappeared in the street, the host crossed his arms and turned upon Andre.

"Well! You came near making a fine piece of business for me, now didn't you?" said he.

"The insolence of the ragged scoundrels grated on my nerves," said the young officer hotly.

"But that if the wounded gentleman had really been in the house, you would have had him finished as surely as we have finished our empty bottle there," said the host.

"Pshaw! What matters it? He wasn't here."

"Yes; but if I had let you have your way these wretches would have returned to-night with a crowd of ruffians of their class, and my house would have been sacked. And all this you have nearly made me endure because I have refused to tell you where the Baron has taken refuge. Do you want me to forget the respect I have always entertained for my pledged word?"

"No; you are right," said Andre. "If I had not thought I was in the wrong, I would not have allowed them to have gone upstairs so easily."

"Well, then, don't worry yours-if any further about the Baron. If he wishes you to know where he is, it will be very easy for him to inform you. He knows that you are in the service of the Duchess, and he can communicate with you very easily. If he does not do so, it will be because he does not think it prudent. Now, then, that question is settled—let's drop it and talk of yourself."

"Of me?" repeated Andre in astonishment.

"Of course, of yourself. What are you going to do? Have you abandoned your uncle's house forever?"

"Of course, I have. I can't do anything else that I see."

"Why so? Do you think your uncle's anger can last long? No. He may have his queer ways, his cross notions, and his stern ideas of duty, but his heart is good, and he really loves you—the good man, I know he does. The proof of it is that he brought you up and made some sacrifices to give you a careful education."

"Yes; to end with making me a draper. That wasn't selfish at all, was it?" said Andre; "and, besides, he knew all along what was the cause of my discouragement."

"Ah, I understand. You mean your affection for the daughter of Pointu the barber?"

"Yes. Why did he oppose it? And why do you, too, treat this passion, which has lasted since childhood, as if it were a silly infatuation?"

"Why, because Jeannette has no fortune, to be sure; because this caprice of two children like you two cannot be regarded as serious love."

"But it is, though," said Andre gravely; "and it has come to this already—that I will never marry any other woman."

"Well, then, you'll wait long for a wife, for no one knows what has become of either her or her brother."

"I know, though, and my uncle knew long before I did."

"What folly is this, poor Andre?" said the innkeeper.

"He knew it long ago, I tell you," continued the young man angrily, "and he would not reveal her presence to me. On the contrary, he went recently to pay his attentions to her on his own account. So, since he refuses me her love, and even would be my rival before her, let him cut me off—let him keep his fortune, and I will keep my liberty."

"Is that your final conclusion?"

"Yes."

"And have you told him so?"

"No."

"But you intend to tell him, surely?"

"What would be the good of renewing that interminable quarrel? When the day comes that he is ready to do me justice, he will find it very easy to inform me of his good intentions. Meantime I can wait."

"And if, in your wild adventures, you manage to get your brains knocked out meantime?"

"So much the worse for me, that's all."

"And what is your uncle to do as he grows old?"

"Just what he pleases."

"And doesn't your conscience reproach you at all?"

"Not at all; I am perfectly easy in heart and mind," answered Andre, rising.

Without vouchsafing another word, he left the inn in a very bad humor, thoroughly dissatisfied with himself and everyone else. In this frame of mind he reached the home of the Duchess. In the court his horse stood all saddled and bridled, apparently awaiting him. He could not repress a gesture of astonishment at this.

"Madame the Duchess has been asking for you, monsieur," said a servant.

"Already?" thought Andre. It was only nine o'clock in the morning, and the Duchess had been inquiring for him already. He sought the lady at once. She appeared grave and thoughtful. Andre had never before seen on that lovely face the traces of the troubles that he now read there. Absorbed in her deep reverie, she did not seem to be aware of the presence of the young officer.

After a painfully long lapse of time, she started and raised her head.

"You have written songs ridiculing Cardinal Mazarin?" she inquired suddenly.

"Yes, madame."

"Have you been much engaged in political circles?"

"No, madame."

"I find it necessary to inform myself thoroughly on what is the disposition of the people of Paris towards the Princes. The middle class, in which you have lived, and in which, indeed, you were born, is nearer to the people than I can reach by any other means. It should be in your power to mingle with the masses, therefore, and to gather for me all the information I desire. Can you do so? Or you may be possessed of the information already, from your observations of the people?"

"I do not know whether it is so or not, madame," stammered Andre; "but you may question me and you will soon learn what I know of politics."

The Duchess was silent and meditative for a few moments.

"I find the Parisians cold," said she at last.

"Cold towards whom? Towards the Princes?" asked Andre.

"Yes, and towards the entire cause of the Fronde," answered the Duchess.

"It is true, madame. Their zeal has relaxed considerably."

"You are sure? You have noticed it already?" asked the lady vehemently.

"One must be blind if he does not see it," said the officer.

"And to what cause do you attribute this cooling off, pray?"

"To this, madame; Paris without a regular government is a city without a head. Now, cut off the head of the finest man in the kingdom and what would he become?—a body—a mass of carrion. So I argue that the mere eating and drinking which Paris enjoys is not its support. It isn't its digestion you must study, but its brains; and its brains are in the luxury and riches which are brought by successful trade and the industries. Cut off the magnificence and the luxuries of Paris, and you cut off its head, for you kill commerce and rob industry of its fruit. Paris lives a fevered life, a life of excitement and activity. Its welfare demands that the elements of this excitement be furnished it continuously. But has the Fronde contributed anything to this activity? Nothing, madame. It has not furnished a single excitement even, and that is where its grand fault lies. It is a failure thus far."

Andre found that he was growing earnest in his speech, so he paused and cast a hesitant glance at the Duchess.

"Go on," said she, with a reassuring gesture.

"Paris is a turbulent city; I will not deny that," said Andre; "but is it possible for perfect tranquillity to reign continually in the midst of such an agglomeration of passions and diverse human interests? A government at once conciliatory and strong is what is needed. Now, the Fronde has fairly had control of Paris for three years, and what has it done? It has given the militia the satisfaction of scouring its old helmets and parading, to the delight of the little ragged boys, who ran behind, trying to be sure. But presently the honest grocers and butchers and tailors who constitute this martial force will begin to see that commerce is languishing and trade is coming to a standstill. Now, the combined forces of the Princes will never be sufficient to fill up the hole that has been dug in the public prosperity by these three years of war. What will Paris do when this has to be filled up? Have a care, then, madame. It will begin by regretting the government under which it prospered—the opulent and prodigal court which regularly threw its immense revenues into the chasm of the public necessity—and then it will turn again, regretfully, towards the King, towards the Queen-mother, even towards the Cardinal himself, whom it has ridiculed, insulted, and driven away."

"What! Has it got to that?" said the Duchess in a tone of alarm.

"Not yet, madame; but I have great fear that we will reach that point before long."

"What, then, in your opinion, is necessary to be done in order that Paris may be induced to remain faithful to the cause of the Fronde?"

"I do not know, madame. I can see the malady very plainly, but it will take a physician to cure it, and that I am not."

"There should be some way before us," said the Duchess. "If the liberality of the Duke of Beaufort, the valor of Monsieur Retz, the courage and renown of the Prince of Conde, do not suffice to stir the soul of Paris and keep it true, perhaps it would be possible to place at the head of our movement a name more illustrious still!"

"That of Gaston of Orleans? Do you believe he would have the prestige to carry the people with him, madame?"

"Is he not the King's uncle?"

"Yes: but his weakness and cowardice are too well known to allow of his being a popular leader. Do you suppose the people have forgotten the indifference with which he allowed poor Chalais to be executed, and the cowardice he displayed in the case of the Duke of Montmorency? There is nothing to hope from him."

"Ah, but the case is now different. He is menaced personally now. The royal troops have invaded his lands, and will possess themselves of all he has, if he do not act."

"Then he will let them take it rather than resist. He knows he can reclaim it hereafter," said Andre.

"Luckily, however, he has a daughter who dare defend her rights."

"Who? Mlle. De Montpensier?"

"The same."

"Why, what can a weak woman do in such a case?"

"She can decide the fate of the campaign, monsieur. The time is still left us, and by a bold stroke we may gain the Duke of Orleans to our cause through her influence."

"That seems the only hope left," said Andre.

"Then fly at once," said the Duchess. "I have given orders to have your horse ready. Go to the Duke's, ask for an interview with Mlle. De Montpensier and give her this letter from Monsieur Beaufort—but to her and her alone." Andre bowed. "In this is our salvation alone, said the Duchess, dismissing him.

The young officer hastened from the apartment, descended to the court, vaulted into the saddle, and galloped away on his visit to the noble lady.

When he came near the dwelling of the noble Duke of Orleans, he found a mob in front of the windows crying "Death to Mazarin!" and acting riotously. Here was proof at once of the public lack of confidence in the Duke, and their doubts of his fidelity. But were these cries sincere? Were the rioters genuine Frondeurs, or were they simply royalists employed by the King to cry this obnoxious alternative in the ears of the wavering Duke to disgust him with the cause to which it was feared he was inclining?

Andre passed into the house, and found the uniform he wore a safe passport, for he was not stopped until he stood in the presence of Mlle. De Montpensier, to whom he at once handed the letter sent in his care by the Duchess.

When the lady had hastily read it she could not repress an angry gesture.

"Did the Duchess send you to me as the bearer of this letter?" she inquired of Andre.

"Yes, mademoiselle. The colors I wear are sufficient guaranty of my fidelity, I believe."

"But I am astounded, monsieur, that the Duchess should confide a letter of such importance to so young a me-senger."

"I was not aware of its value, mademoiselle."

"You have been some time in the service of the Duchess, then?"

"Only three days."

"But your family has probably rendered some great service to the cause."

"Not the slightest, mademoiselle."

"Then you yourself—you must have taken some gallant part."

"Oh, I have done nothing except written a few lyrics ridiculing the Cardinal."

"What is your name?"

"Andre."

"What! Can it be possible? Yes, it must be. You are the one they call Handsome Andre. And truly you cannot honestly lie your surname."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

J. F. M. S., Kansas City.—1. The bet is void. 2. B wins the second bet as to the heraldry of the first. 3. The aforesaid mixed majorities in three States, (and possibly in two) are probably greater than Hayes' combined majorities in any five; but the official canvas is the only standard to apply to such bets. 4. Hayes cannot get 300,000 majority of the popular vote, and will possibly fall 200,000 behind any majority at all. 5. Tilden's majority in Arkansas alone is about double Isaac's in Ohio, and his majority in Arkansas, Georgia, and New York combined about swallow up the total vote for Hayes in Ohio. 6. Hayes' majority in Ohio and Illinois is probably not so great as was Grant's over Greeley in Illinois in 1872, but the official count, now lacking, will alone be determinative. When that is announced, you can decide for yourself, as Grant's vote in Illinois in 1872 was 241,944, and Greeley's 184,998. 7. Neither the President of the Senate nor the Attorney-general can be the next President of the United States.

S. S. R., Boston.—1. B is out on his high. 2. The crib showing five cards, and it not being possible to fix the fault thereof upon either player, that particular hand is void, and should be played over. All else stands, viz., the two games already played, as well as all that portion of the third in which the crib had its regular apportionment of cards. 3. The principle being the same with respect to the discovery of five nines, the operation is the same. Everything stands but the hand or deal in which that discovery was made. 4. No. His winnings are the table's stakes. 5. He is bound to make every reasonable effort to borrow to call. 6. If his opponent will "take his word," he must see the raise or forfeit as he has up. 7. "American Hoyle," No 24. James, whose card see.

KASSON, Claremont.—The answer to "Reader, Kasson," does not say, nor does it in any way intimate, that "between the first deal and the draw at poker any player has the right to shuffle the cards, in case there is suspicion of fraud." There is but one player who has the right to shuffle the cards at all; and he can be required to shuffle them, even though he would prefer not to do it. What we said was that, if attempted fraud was suspected after the original serving, the bulk of the players could demand that the cards be shuffled. The reason for this is the eminently practical one that the bulk of the players could break up the game instanter, and thus leave no opportunity for attempted fraud.

AD., Chicago.—A can claim the pool when it comes his turn to play, if he has thirteen on the board and holds the eighteen ball. His having said he was bursted amounts to nothing, except that in not claiming pool at once he ran the risk of losing pool through someone else's making it before his turn again came to play. Had he said he was "pool," instead of "bursted," the other players would not have taken his word for it. He would have had to show 31. On the same principle, he cannot be "bursted" when he can show a score of 31.

M. D. T., Philadelphia.—1. Miss Nellson in some cases receives 75 per cent, of the gross receipts for each performance. 2. Edwin Booth receives the same. 3. We cannot give you the place and date of Miss Nellson's birth. 4. Philip Lee is a non-professional gentleman. 5. John Mc-Cauley is formerly a publisher. 6. Eben Plympton is engaged to support Miss Nellson on her tour this season. 7. He was not in England with her. 8. He acted at Wallack's Theatre and the Union-square Theatre in this city.

J. D. A., N. Y.—"Advise me if the following play in cribbage is proper, and if not, how should it be counted? A plays a 5, B a 5, A a 5, and takes 5 points for 15-2 and a sequence of three; B a 5, and scores 10 points for a double sequence of three and 15-2; A a 7, and takes 14, counting double sequence of four-10, and four for two fifteens."..... When B played his second 5 he was not entitled to anything. A should have taken three points when playing his 7, and one more if it was a "go."

OLD READER, Memphis.—The law authorizing the enlistment of colored troops was passed by Congress Feb. 2, 1863. But prior to this (latter part of August, 1862) Gen. Butler in New Orleans had enrolled negroes in the U. S. service, and these were the nucleus of the famous Corps d'Afrique organized by Gen. N. P. Banks. Massachusetts, about May, 1863, was the first Northern State to enroll negro troops.

BLACK HILLS, Dakota.—1. The targets used in the third international rifle-match between the Irish and American teams were sit feet high by twelve wide, having a black "bull's-eye" three feet square, surrounded by the "centre," six feet square, the rest of the target constituting the "outer." 2. The Irishmen used the Rigby rifle generally, and the American the Remington and Sharp arms.

CONSTANT READER.—At the last U. S. census there were 151,216 natives of Germany in this city, and 234,594 natives of Great Britain and Ireland. There is no census of Irishmen alone, and the figures 151,216 do not include Austrians, Hollanders, and others who might be classed as "Germans." There are about one-third more Irish than Germans in this city.

P. H., New York.—Our answer to the question asked last week was correct. To your question we can reply that the act of "La Grande Duchesse" and the second act of "La Belle Helene" and "Mons. Choufleury" were all presented on the same night, Feb. 20, 1869, at the Grand Opera-house, on the occasion being a benefit, and the closing performance of the season of opera-bouffe.

H. K., Newark.—1. At the age of 27 years you would be too old to commence the dramatic profession. 2. The grafts are only moderately remunerative. 3. Comic business, juveniles, leading, heavy, character, old men first and second, and comedians, light, low and eccentric. 3. Pathetic actine for drama and tragedy.

CONSTANT READER, Corry.—Since you have chosen to insert in the bet as to Ohio and Indiana the clause "including all candidates," it is not likely that anybody will take the trouble to decide it. Ohio gave a Republican majority in October, and neither party had a majority in Indiana, as majorities are estimated, viz., by the head of the ticket.

F. P., Pittsburg.—1. The official canvas in this State has not yet been entered upon. Tilden's majority is estimated at about 20,000. 3. There is, at least nominally, an extradition treaty between Great Britain and the United States. 4. About 1786.

READER.—The question as to whether or not a change of residence, within the polling district, after having registered at the voter's place of residence, is void, has never been definitely settled. Within the spirit of the law, it should not; but there are conflicting opinions.

HARRY K.—No; neither Tilden nor Hayes will be inaugurated on the 4th of March, that day falling on a Sunday. Do you consider such a bet fair?".....The bet is fair, and will be determined, after March 4 next, by the Congress of the inauguration.

T. H., Harrisburg.—Hon. Simon Cameron was originally a printer, but Representative W. D. Kelley of Philadelphia is not, though at one time he was reader-boy in a printing-office. He is a jeweler by trade, but for many years past has been a lawyer.

R. D. C., Burlington.—If London, Eng., is the largest city in the world, in point of population, which in July, 1875, was estimated at 3,445,160. 2. Pekin, China, had in 1872 a population of 1,800,000.

J. B. H., Boston.—1. The Girard Brothers are performing in the Alhambra, London, Eng. 2. Prof. Herrmann is now making a tour of Texas. 3. Cannot say where Harry Meredith is at present.

B.—Explain what you mean by "put them in." We cannot understake to determine bets by guessing at the possible meaning of equivocal language, or by interpreting the slang of the dicta in various localities.

W. F. McD., Washington.—So far as we can ascertain without referring to a full history of Maryland, no regiments from that State participated in the Battle of Bunker Hill.

COFFEY, Spencer.—1. It depends upon the character of the constribution. 2. All we know of them is that they advertise. 3. You would have better opportunities with a traveling company.

YOUR FRIEND, Bloomington.—1. A dramatic company. We know nothing of their responsibility. 2, 3. From $50 to $150 per week are paid double trapeze performers, and in some cases, when traveling, their expenses are paid.

C. W. T., Black Rock.—Should Tilden receive 200 votes in the Electoral College (and should Hayes receive all the others, a contingency you do not provide for), Tilden's majority would be 81.

FRANK AND B., Memphis.—F. loses on his claim as to March 4 next. Either Tilden or Hayes will be the next President of the United States, unless death should intervene.

P. A. J.—The late Edwin Forrest made his first appearance in this city at the Park Theatre, June 23, 1826. On Nov 27, 1833, he first acted in the Bowery Theatre. He first acted at the Chatham Theatre May 16, 1842.

ARCADE.—The first word is "spark." Apply to the "intellectual department" of *The Herald* for the meaning of "bejim." Some member of its staff found the word in India probably, and, stuffing it, brought it to this country.

W. A. H., Akron.—Charles O'Conor was nominated for the Presidency of the United States in 1872, and was touted for, though he withdrew his name as a candidate just prior to election-day.

J. R. Lawyer, Duluth.—1. The Atlantics will have a very strong nine in 1877. 2. Maggie Mitchell was born in 1833, and made her first appearance on the stage June 2, 1851, in Burton's Chambers-street Theatre, here.

J. S., Pittsburg.—The alteration as proposed would not change the terms of the bet. Each candidate would have to get a given number of "majority votes." Barnes alone fulfilled the condition, and a win.

W. C. K., Vicksburg.—Even conceding that H. had any right to go alone after having been assisted, M.'s leading would not permit his doing so. It would simply give H. a chance to discard the suit M. had led.

C. W. G., Washington.—It depends upon how the card became mixed up with the discard. If it is clear that the player did not intend to put it there, he is entitled to another. If he had called for three, and he was really given but two.

S. B. N., Kansas City.—The wager, being as to Tilden and Hayes, cannot be decided just at present. But the theory of the President of the Senate, upon which your claim is based, will assuredly trip you up.

HARRY MERCER, Opelika.—Neither man won. 2. A draw was mutually agreed upon, Sayers thus resigning possession of the champion belt, a fac-simile of which was presented to each man.

AKRON, Vicksburg.—They study from the acting editions of Shakespeare's plays. They, together with the acting edition of "Richelieu," can be had of S. French & Son, No. 122 Nassau street, this city.

WM. B., Pittston.—1. Bill Poole was killed in this city in 1855. 2 John Morrissey fought Thompson at Mare Island, near San Francisco, Cal., in August, 1853.

U. B. S., Cincinnati.—1. Bella weighing about 12¾ or 14lb each. 2. The best stand-forward jump on record in the United States is 13ft. 5¾in., made by Searles.

G. T., Bridgeport, Ct.—It was a Liberal Republican that N. P. Banks was elected to the last House of Representatives.

C. M., Natick.—1. There is no recognized limit. 2. Nobody. 3. Tim Collins is an inmate of the Northampton, Mass., crazy house.

JOHN OWEN, Coburg.—The weather on the occasion of the first regatta between the Countess of Dufferin and the Madeline, for the America's Cup, was pleasant.

J. LYNCH, Reynoldsburg.—Thomas W. Ferry, president pro tem. of the U. S. Senate, is a Senator from Michigan, and was born in Manchester, that State, June 1, 1827.

CASSINO, Philadelphia.—Your opponent can do so, provided he plays the deuce from his hand, and not from the board.

CHEAP JOHN, Norfolk.—The dealer has no right to shuffle the cards after they have been cut, unless the cutter has both shuffled and cut them.

CONSTANT READER, Toronto.—That is her real name. Her residence is in Louisville, Ky., and she is an American. Cannot give her correct age.

T. C. Hanover.—As the papers do not leave here until nine o'clock in the morning, it would be hardly possible for you to get them in Pittsburg at six o'clock in the evening.

CONSTANT READER.—The official canvas will decide the bet. That the fourth of next March falls on Sunday is of no consequence.

J. L., Bracebridge.—If the ship belonged to the United States navy, the Navy Department at Washington, D. C., can give you the information.

GOLD HILL, Nev.—Cards and spades have no priority at Euchre. The player who first claims out will win, if he has points enough.

J. J. F., Alexandria.—If the Republican had a majority of 9,000 over one-half the total vote cast for the head of the State ticket. Some member of its staff found the word in India probably, and, stuffing it, brought it to this country.

W. A. H., Akron.—Charles O'Conor was nominated for the Presidency of the United States in 1872, and was touted for, though he withdrew his name as a candidate just prior to election-day.

J. R. Lawyer, Duluth.—1. The Atlantics will have a very strong nine in 1877. 2. Maggie Mitchell was born in 1833, and made her first appearance on the stage June 2, 1851, in Burton's Chambers-street Theatre, here.

J. S., Pittsburg.—The alteration as proposed would not change the terms of the bet. Each candidate would have to get a given number of "majority votes." Barnes alone fulfilled the condition, and a win.

W. C. K., Vicksburg.—Even conceding that H. had any right to go alone after having been assisted, M.'s leading would not permit his doing so. It would simply give H. a chance to discard the suit M. had led.

C. W. G., Washington.—It depends upon how the card became mixed up with the discard. If it is clear that the player did not intend to put it there, he is entitled to another. If he had called for three, and he was really given but two.

S. B. N., Kansas City.—The wager, being as to Tilden and Hayes, cannot be decided just at present. But the theory of the President of the Senate, upon which your claim is based, will assuredly trip you up.

HARRY MERCER, Opelika.—Neither man won. 2. A draw was mutually agreed upon, Sayers thus resigning possession of the champion belt, a fac-simile of which was presented to each man.

AKRON, Vicksburg.—They study from the acting editions of Shakespeare's plays. They, together with the acting edition of "Richelieu," can be had of S. French & Son, No. 122 Nassau street, this city.

WM. B., Pittston.—1. Bill Poole was killed in this city in 1855. 2 John Morrissey fought Thompson at Mare Island, near San Francisco, Cal., in August, 1853.

U. B. S., Cincinnati.—1. Bella weighing about 12¾ or 14lb each. 2. The best stand-forward jump on record in the United States is 13ft. 5¾in., made by Searles.

G. T., Bridgeport, Ct.—It was a Liberal Republican that N. P. Banks was elected to the last House of Representatives.

C. M., Natick.—1. There is no recognized limit. 2. Nobody. 3. Tim Collins is an inmate of the Northampton, Mass., crazy house.

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J. R., Iowa City.—We have no means of keeping trace of professionals in the provincial cities of Great Britain; therefore we cannot say.

CONSTANT READER, Frankfort.—The name of the operatic vocalist is pronounced as if spelled Nils (short i)-son; that of the actress, Nielsson.

J. M. W., Westville.—1. According to the last local census, this city had a population of 1,068,037. 2. The fastest running time for one mile is 2:01¾, by Kelly.

B. C., Boston.—Perse our advertising columns for the names and addresses of persons who can supply you with comical banjo sketches.

S. S., Baltimore.—No answers by mail. Hayes must have 5,000 over Tilden, Cooper and Smith, for A to win. In another word, Hayes must have a majority of 5,000.

E. R., Danbury.—Being as to the inauguration of the next President, this bet will stand as will that event takes place.

G. J. M.—A foreign negro has no advantages over a white foreigner in this country, as regards the elective franchise.

W. B., Boston.—Since you have bet that neither Tilden nor Hayes will be the next voting Presidents of the United States, you will have to wait until after March 5 next.

A. G. G.—He would be an American in a literal sense—if born in British America, for example—but not one in the popular sense.

C. W.—Tilden's majority, when he was elected Governor, was 38,649. He led John A. Dix, the Republican candidate, by 59,317.

M. J., Waverly.—The electors can be divided by the popular vote. They can be "split" the same as the State ticket.

E. D. S., Chicago.—1. That rate and higher prevailed. One pool of $3,000 to $700 was quoted. Address Morrissey's for definite information. Papers sent.

CONSTANT READER, Paterson, and J. F. C., New York.—Senator Ferry cannot be next President of the United States.

L. SIMES, Hannibal.—The Bostons and Athletics completed their games for 1876, the Bostons winning nine and the Athletics one.

H. J. W., St. Louis.—1. We mean the dramatic stage. 2. You could probably get an engagement on the variety stage in that manner.

J. K., Providence.—1. Write to W. J. Judd, as per his advertisement, for juggling apparatus. 2 See first column of Clipper for advertising rates.

F. A. H., Cambridge.—G. W. Mitchell was acting last week to the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md. He has no company on the road this year.

CONYER.—Any theatrical costumer can supply you.

B. J. M., Petrolia.—See Dramatic Summary or the whereabouts of the Wallace Sisters. We believe H Heery is not in the profession.

ROGER LAUGHNER, Oazenova.—The fastest time in which one hundred yards have been run by a man is 9¾ seconds, made by George Seward, an American, in England.

J. M. F., New Orleans.—No answers by mail. We have no record where Haverly's Minstrels performed from Oct. 12 to 20, 1876.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Apply at the office of *The Army and Navy Journal*, 23 Murray street.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Chicago.—Jim Mace's height, in stocking feet, is 5ft. 8¾in. Tom Allen stands 5ft. 10¾in.

J. S., Baltimore.—The bill giving negroes the right to vote in the District of Columbia was passed Dec. 18, 1866.

SOL SOLOMON, Toronto.—The proper position is to stand with left foot and hand advanced, the right hand guarding.

JAMES KENNAN, Boston.—Sayers' arm was not broken, but it was badly bruised, in his fight with Heenan.

J. L. GIBSON, London.—3d'r. Sin., by C. A. Bennett, is the best of which we have any record.

E. P. G., St. Louis.—He will win, unless he has added fraud or misrepresentation to the "certainty."

FRANK M., Albany.—Unless by special agreement, there is no hand at draw poker that will beat four sevens.

HOLD THE FORT, Baltimore.—Awaits the official returns as to Tilden. Ferry cannot be President in any event.

C. H. B., Catskill.—Tilden's majority in this city in 1874 was 44,071. No answers by telegraph or mail.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The Old School-house, "Our Little Army," "Little Southern Home."

E. F. B., Providence.—We do not decide disputes as to the social status of individuals.

MAINSTER.—A will win the bet if Tilden is elected President.

WILD BILL.—The numbers containing that story are out of print.

BLUE JEANS, Chicago.—On the statement submitted, A loses the first bet and wins the second.

G. W. D., St. Thomas.—1. We do not require it. 2 When we last heard of Ben Dodge he was in St. Louis, Mo.

C. L., Baltimore.—Your opponent could make a nine out of your eight before taking fifo his own pile.

THE MACHINE, Providence.—You will have to wait until March 4 next to decide that bet.

MANCHESTER.—B wins, if the city gave Hayes and Wheeler a majority of 400 or more.

A. H. M., Springfield.—Straights do not play at all, unless mutually agreed upon, either tacitly or expressly.

W. M.—See CLIPPER of Oct. 28 last, or wait till March 4 next.

NATIONAL HOUSE, Pittston.—B wins. C has naught to say.

J. J. M.—Your decision, having been given in good faith, was conclusive.

T. AND W., Toronto.—The money should be given to B, if to anybody.

W. W., Cincinnati.—It is possible for a child born in Europe to become President of the United States.

S. L. H., Renova.—If A named Washington, D. C., the bet is a draw.

OLD READER.—Hayes did not get one vote in Washington, D. C., nor did Tilden, Cooper or Green Clay Smith.

M. S., Cincinnati.—A letter addressed to the lady in care of this office will reach her.

DON PEDRO, Louisiana.—High, low, jack, game, sancho, and pedro.

BUCKEYE, Cincinnati.—The polls in this city now close at 4 P. M. They used to close at sunset.

C. R. S., Hillsdale.—It's each neither, it being a "split ticket."

N. B. G., Marlusburg.—A Roman Catholic may be elected to the Presidency of the United States.

BAYOU SARA, New Orleans.—The straddling does not affect the "age" at all.

WRECKER OF OAK BAY.—Tom Sayers and Bob Brettle fought once only, Sayers winning.

ED. LYNCH, Burlington.—We would like to have farther information regarding the matter.

C. L.—We have kept no account of those affairs, which are of the hippodrome order.

W. R. H. AND M., Richmond.—In being considered imitators of the Big Four, who first originated that title.

MR. Philadelphia.—William K. Linyard, who married Emma (not Mary) Reignolds, is still living.

CHARLES, Albany.—No time to search our files to answer in this issue. Will do so next week.

W. J. T.—Some of the reasons assigned in your letter were among the causes of his failure.

J. W. E., Belleriffe.—John C. Heenan and John Morrissey fought at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 20, 1858.

CONSTANT READER.—Apply to the New England Conservatory, Boston, Mass., for information.

FANNIE TYSON.—The communication is still in our care.

J. H., Burlington.—See answer to "H. D. C., Burlington."

T. C., Fort Randall.—We have no CLIPPER of that date.

F. J. CUMMINS AND J. W. BARCHLAY.—Out of print.

SIOUX, Harrisburg.—Please explain yourself fully.

CONSTANT READER, Metropolis.—Providence, R. I.

MARK, Elkhart.—Has got a new engagement.

MAGNOLIA SALOON.—There are no rules for solo.

SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn.—B is out on his high.

A. B. C., Boston.—Yes; B can raise it again.

EATON, Chicago.—See "H. J. D., Chicago."

STAKEHOLDER, Montreal.—Baker loses.

SUBSCRIBER, Lexington.—Bet is void.

ANTONI BLONDIN, Galena.—C loses.

J. J. O'B., Memphis.—It is no bet.

B. B., Chicago.—It was declined.

J. P. S., Sarnia.—It is no bet.

D. D., West Mitchell.—B lost.

T. C., Boston.—It is no bet.

GEO. MORTON.—Yes.

END OF THE BIG SHOW.

Born on the 10th of May, 1876, the Centennial Exposition ceased to be, in its entirety, on Friday, the 10th of November, much to the regret of the thousands who, during the past six months, have taken advantage of the privilege offered them to gaze upon the many wonderful things to be seen within the bounds of the vast exhibition. To some it has been a source of pecuniary profit, but to others it has brought nothing but ruin. As an exhibition it exceeded, in many respects, the displays made in London, Paris and Vienna; the attendance was larger than that of any similar event, and the cash receipts were in excess of the sum total received at any of the European exhibitions referred to. That it interfered with the success of places of amusement throughout the country (with the exception of several houses in New York and in Philadelphia towards the latter part of the Centennial season) is not to be denied, and, now that it is over, the deserted places may fare better. Although the formal closing took place on the 10th, the buildings were thrown open on the following day, and will remain open during the present week, the usual admission fee of fifty cents being charged; but the dismantling is rapidly going on, numerous freight trains being in readiness to carry away packages which were made up on Saturday and Sunday. The grounds were opened to the public on Sunday, free; but the buildings were closed. The hotels in the vicinity are winding up their affairs, and the outside business may be said to have ended, Shantytown already presenting a deserted appearance. Although efforts are making to purchase the main building, for the purpose of giving a permanent exhibition therein, we do not believe the speculation will prove to be successful, especially during the Winter season. Several of the hotels have made money—notably the Transcontinental, the United States, Grand Exposition, Atlas, etc. The great "Globe," we conjecture, will be a heavy loser. Some of the parties who paid exorbitant prices for various privileges inside and outside of the grounds, in the buildings, in the hotels, etc., will be among the losers. Real-estate operators, in many cases, feel sick, and the denizens of Shantytown are in despair. But it was a grand exposition, and many are the regrets that it has come to an end.

SOME PERSONALS.

The "personals" in American journals rarely furnish interesting reading, save to those whom they are immediately addressed. They are flat and monotonous, and one tires of reading for the hundredth time that "If the young lady with a black eye will furnish her address to the young gentleman in maroon-colored trousers," etc. They do these things better in France, and even the famous "agony column" of *The London Times* is pale and colorless beside its prototype in the Parisian sheet. Here are a few extracts culled from a popular daily published in the French capital.

The following, despite its address, is intended for someone whom the writer evidently regards as anything but a bully boy with a vitreous optic.

GLASS-EYE.—Since you refuse to come to my aid, I desire that all Paris boulevarders shall know how you have swindled me. You desert me after having sunk all my fortune in your idiotic speculations. I know that you have money; I must have back what you robbed me of. Restore it with a good grace, or believe me.

"ANA" has doubtless behaved very badly to draw forth such an appeal as this:

ANA.—I have well reflected concerning you, but nothing has shaken my resolution, in spite of my sufferings and my despair. You well know how much I love you; but when one wishes to kill a dog, it is enough to say that it is rabid. Be frank; have you said nothing about me? Were you false to me? Have you wished to revenge yourself on me? I ask for mercy; shun me, seek me no more. I suffer much, and have need of all my strength. May God pardon you the evil you have done me.

"KENA" is in a very bad state, and it is a question if charcoal or the Seine has not terminated such woe ere this. Here is the first outpouring of affliction:

BLESSED ANGEL.—I live only in memories of these; my only solace is to write to thee. If I annoy thee, pardon a wretch whom thy absence tortures. I love thee with an infinite tenderness. Thy glance so pure and so tender is the life of my soul; do not condemn me to die: be merciful, thou who art so generous and so grand in thy thoughts. Still I wait. Formerly I possessed thy heart; no more love; no more happiness. I have shed for thee so many tears!

KENA.

The response to this pathetic appeal was not such as to induce "Kena" to cry "Keno," for in a few days afterwards the following appears:

I am the beaten dog that comes faithful and humble, to crouch at the feet of its master. If you had been a man of heart; if you had possessed a little dignity! What a bitterness for the woman who to your slave! Recall my folly with pity; permit me to love thy children, thy family, and revere these.

KENA.

Here is one dictated by that uncontrollable grief that only death, or perhaps absinthe, can assuage:

Terrible letter! I received it on my knees. One of thy friends said in my presence that thou wert going away. What a wound thou hast inflicted upon my delicacy. Be ever virtue itself. I shall be all my life on my knees at thy feet. To be good friends; that is all that I desire. Do not think of me; have no care for me; listen to my words as to those of a poor beggar. 'Tis a folly; I shall die of grief, and my last words shall be "I love thee." Thy letter is a poison; I kiss the hand that tenders it to me; I have made thee weep and I deserve all!

LAPIX.

And to think that this stunner failed to effect its purpose! A week afterward we read:

"God help me, and bless thee! LAPIX."

Here is an "ad." of an altogether different character, for a finish, but it seems too good to be lost:

Tripe-shop of Progress,
GADOUILLE JR.
Successor to his Father.
CELEBRATED FOR HIS CALF'S HEAD.

ELECTION RETURNS and good whiskey were very much alike last week—nobody could get them straight, no matter how they might *sigh for* the one or the other.

A REFORMED "INDISPOSITIONIST" desires us to state that the system of selling drink in soldiers' quarters in Canada is a *bar barrack* custom, and ought to be stopped.

RAILROAD MAGNATES may refer to their *car* cases without alluding to their bodies.

The Situation.

Office-seekers to their sides are true,
And work for public weal;
For, by what acts have come to view,
We judge they're "true as *steel*!"

MEN who wagered their money on the wrong man are now living on salt pork and old horse, or otherwise wheeling the successful bettor through our public thoroughfares. The result of the election has made many a man poor, as well as "made" many a poor man; and yet we cannot advise our friends to make a business of betting on elections, for it will not pay in the long run. It is safer to black boots or vend pop-corn. Our readers will no doubt thank us for this sound doctrine, and profit by it.

THE RESPECTABLE DAILIES in New York and in Philadelphia have had their usual little say concerning the justice of the sentence of the New Jersey prize-fighters; and they will next turn their attention, probably, to the necessity of teaching the youth of our country how to shoot—folly as it flies.

BOTH CANDIDATES last week realized the fact that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." "Our Jim" suggests, however, that it would be better to ascertain what kind of bird it is before taking it in hand.

"IT'S A BAD THING for my sailors," said a far-seeing captain, "when they're cant-ankerous." His meaning was, *when they can't anchor us.*

A SHIP is like a flag whenever it's *on the wave!*

THE NEWS OF WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ Nov. 6: Negroes in ambush fired into a Sheriff's posse near Fayette, Miss., mortally wounding two persons. .....Cable telegrams announced that Dr. Stronsberg, the convicted railway king, has been sentenced to perpetual banishment from Russia; that negotiations were going on for a direct understanding between Russia and Turkey, which will render a European conference unnecessary; that the roads in Serbia are covered with snow, and soldiers and fugitives are dying like rotten sheep; that the entire Russian army is on a war footing; and that the American and European Rifle Club match, after being delayed, will soon after leaving Liverpool, Eng., the crew being saved.....Mrs. Mary Keogh was fatally injured, and Miss Ann Moran seriously, by a collision of horse-cars at Lansdale, Pa. ..A daughter of Stephen Young was burned to death at Bra in tree, Vt., her clothes taking fire from a stove.....Loss on Jas. Erskine's flouring-mills at Windsor, N. S., by fire—loss $50,000; Benson Block, at Edgefield, Tenn.—loss $16,000, insured for $3,500: Boyce's flax-factory at Muncie, Ind.—loss $25,000, insured for $15,000; Oddfellows' Hall and Taylor & Co.'s store, at Fairhaven, Vt., by fire; $30,000.....Many Kentucky distillers have been arrested for alleged violations of the Internal Revenue laws, and the cases will be tried at Louisville.....Mrs. Mary Keogh was fatally injured, and Miss Ann Moran seriously, by a collision of horse-cars at Lansdale, Pa. ..A daughter of Stephen Young was burned to death at Bra in tree, Vt., her clothes taking fire from a stove.....Loss on Jas. Erskine's flouring-mills at Windsor, N. S., by fire—loss $50,000; Benson Block, at Edgefield, Tenn.—loss $16,000, insured for $3,500: Boyce's flax-factory at Muncie, Ind.—loss $25,000, insured for $15,000; Oddfellows' Hall and Taylor & Co.'s store, at Fairhaven, Vt., by fire; $30,000.....Many Kentucky distillers have been arrested for alleged violations of the Internal Revenue laws, and the cases will be tried at Louisville.....The report that Mr. W. Hendrie of Hamilton, Ont., had purchased Big Sandy from Col. McDaniel is pronounced incorrect; the Colonel still owns him.....Another extract from Col. Forney's letter to the Philadelphia *Press*, one of the events of which will be a match between Resolute and Bay Rum over the steeplechase course, owners to ride.....The Criterion Stakes, one of the richest two-year-old stakes in England, was run for on Oct. 23, and the first four horses were all foreign-bred. Jongleur, the winner, and Verneuill, second, were bred in France, and the third and the fourth in Hungary. This does not speak favorably for the boasted superiority of the English thoroughbred racer.

☞ Nov. 7: Samuel J. Tilden, was reported to be elected President, by 184 votes in the United States.....Dr. Charnsie of Rochester, N. Y., committed suicide in this city.....Cable dispatches were to the effect that in the Spanish Senate the Government, in a full recognition of the constitutional guaranties except in the Basque provinces; that Gen. Tchernayeff had arrived at Belgrade accompanied by 200 Russian officers; and that the President of the International Commission in Egypt had tendered his resignation.....A daughter of David Donovan was reported to have been burned to death at Rockland, Mass., on the 5th.....Mrs. R. Edmunds was killed by a train of cars at Worcester, Mass.....The body of Patrick Doherty of Boston was found in the river at Providence, R. I .....Losses by fire: A number of buildings at Sherbrooke, Ont.—loss $150,000, insured for $80,000; two barns on the Wareham-Griswold estate, at West Hartford, Ct.—loss $8,000; George S. Stanton's livery stable, at Albany, N. Y.—loss $6,000.

GRAY, Alfred G.—Senior fleer of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Born in July, 1878, in Norfolk, Va., where his father had for many years been the British Consul. He became a sailor in 1835, and in the Navy, 1845, was commander of the Texas sloop-of-war Austin in an engagement with the Mexican war steamers Montezuma, Regenerator and Guadaloupe and four sailing craft. Coming to New York in 1844, he went to St. Johns, N. B., and commanded sailing vessels running thence to Europe. He continued with sailing vessels until 1851, when he became first mate of the steamer Philadelphia, running between New Orleans and Aspinwall. In 1853 he was assigned to the command of the steamer Fa con, and later he was placed in charge of the El Dorado. In April, 1861, the U. S. Government assigned him to the command of the chartered steamer Atlantic, and in the succeeding September he was transferred to the gunboat McClellan, in which he served three years. In 1865 he was placed in command of the P. M. S. S. Henry Chauncey, then new, and in 1866 he was transferred to the Alaska, new in the fleet. He had sailed from New York to Aspinwall one hundred and twenty times, and it is stated that he never lost a ship or injured one, and never lost a life or a dollar's worth of the Pacific Mail Co.'s property.—Brooklyn, Nov. 10, aged 68.

GARDNER, John H.—Of the firm of John H. Gardner & Co., shipbrokers of Savannah, Ga.—that city, Nov. 7.

HUGHES, Edward.—Father-in-law of Ivy Harrimann, prominent in political circles of this city—here, Nov. 9, aged 70.

HARRISS, Dr. Josiah.—A leading physician of Savannah, Ga.—there, Nov. 7.

HERTFORD, Rev. Mother.—Of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, St. Louis, Mo., but her work extended all over the Western diocese.—that city, recently.

LLOYD, Dr. J. Wiegand.—Well-known physician of Orange, N. J.—that city, Nov. 7.

MOORE, John A.—A member of the Waverly Yacht and Rowing Club of this city. He was also prominent as a Mason—this city, Nov. 7, aged 43.

MERRIMAN, Mrs. H. M.—Daughter of Judge Merriman of Galveston, Texas—Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 8.

NORTON, Simon H.—A leading citizen of Connecticut, and on Nov. 7 elected to the Legislature of that State—Plantsville, Ct., Nov. 9, aged 65.

PECK, E. J.—Formerly president of the Terre Haute and Indianapolis Railroad—Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 8.

PARAT, Henry.—Member of a clothing firm in this city—here, Nov. 10.

PARSONS, Frederick Sidney.—Of the firm of Slocovich & Co.—New Brunswick, N. J., Nov. 8, aged 25.

RABINEAU, Catherine L.—Relict of the well-known Dr. Jacob Rabineau of this city—Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 7, aged 86.

SANGSTON, Lawrence—Born near Oxford, Talbot County, Md., Aug. 23, 1814. He was named in honor of Captain Lawrence, famous because of the naval fight between the Chesapeake and the Shannon in the War of 1812. Early in life he was connected with the mechanical department of the house of Richard Morris, and subsequently in the Legislature, which met on April 2, 1861, in Frederick City; but on Sept. 12 he and some fourteen others, inclusive of the Mayor of Baltimore, were arrested by Major-general John A. Dix and committed to Fort Lafayette, afterwards to Fort Lafayette, and finally to Fort Warren. Of late years he was interested in the phosphate discoveries in South Carolina, and at the time of his death was president of the Maryland Fertilizing Company.—Baltimore, Md., Nov. 7.

SMITH, Maj.-general Giles A.—A native of New York, and born in 1829. Entered the U. S. service under his brother, Morgan L. Smith, of the 1st Missouri Artillery. Eighth Missouri Regiment, and served with distinction at the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, and at Shiloh, Corinth, and elsewhere under Sheridan, being wounded several times. Recently, he was Assistant Postmaster-general—Bloomington, Ill., recently.

STUART, Sir John, K. B.—A Vice-chancellor of England. He was born in Greenock, Scotland, in 1793, was educated at Edinburgh, studied law, and at the age of twenty-four was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, Eng. He became one of the benchers there in 1834, and in 1846 was elected member of Parliament for Sandwich. In 1852 he was returned for Dover, and in 1857 for Knaresborough. In 1858 he was made a Vice-chancellor, and then, in 1871, he retired into private life. Since then he has resided at Cannes, in the south of France, in the highlands of Scotland—London, Eng., Nov. 1.

TAMBURINI, Antonio—Singer. See Foreign Show News.

TAYLOR, Alexander—Artist of this city—here, Nov. 4, aged 63.

WADDY, Rev. Samuel D., D.D.—English divine, who in 1859 was made president of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference—London, Eng., about Nov. 8.

WHIPPLE, Alice Bridge Webster—Widow of Rev. Geo. Whipple, D.D., and daughter of the late Hon. Ezekiel Webster—Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 6.

COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Although the weather was not to the fancy of admirers of out-door amusements, there was a fair attendance of spectators on the grounds of the New York Athletic Club on Saturday, Nov. 11, when the twice postponed third annual games of the Athletic Association of the College of the City of New York were held there. The eleven events on the programme, with the exception of the running high jump, for which but one entry appeared, were contested in a manner highly satisfactory, but developed nothing calling for special remark. The following is a return of the different events:

One-mile walk, two starters—W. M. Watson, N. Y. College, 1; G. Horton of the Harlem Athletic Club, the other contestant, was second man until they got into the straight for home, when he went for Watson, but failed to get by him without fouling, and though reaching the goal a few inches ahead of the college representative, the claim of foul made by the latter was allowed by the referee. Time 8:55.

One-hundred-yards run, in heats, eight starters—Heat 1. C. Moritz, 1; G. W. Lynch, 2; J. G. Morgenthan, 3. Time, 12½sec. Heat 2: A. Knight, 1; E. Greenbaum, 2; C. Stewart, 3. Time, 11½sec. Heat 3: V. Falkenan, walked over. Heat 4: E. Dove, walked over. Final heat: E. Dove,

ure of last September. Hicks Hayhurst is likely to be the manager of the new nine. Hicks is experienced in his business, and he is the best financial manager the Athletics have ever had. It will be like old times again to see the 'old man' directing the Athletics. The club has appointed a delegate to attend the League convention.....The Athletic Club's secretary has received notification that the following players have signed contracts for the season of 1877, viz., James White and W. H. White with the Boston Club, and W. L. Hague, John J. Ryan and Joseph J. Gerhardt with the Louisvilles. .....The Bostons had Borden, Manning, Bradley and McBride as pitchers in 1876—three "curved-line" pitchers, and one "straight" pitcher.

THE CHAMPION NINES OF 1876.

Below will be found a list of a majority of the co-operative nines which took part in the campaign of 1876. The list is made up from the club games as published in THE CLIPPER. There was so much "revolving" that it would be difficult to give the regular nine of each club. Suffice it to say that all the names given are those of professional players, though many called themselves amateurs, despite the fact of their playing in gate-money contests, and received remuneration for their services, either in the form of direct pay or a share of the gate-receipts. Many of these club nines played some very fine fielding games, as the semi-professional club record of the season shows. The clubs are given in the order of the States they hailed from:

NEW YORK.

ITHACA.—Richmond, c.; Alcott, p.; Sullivan, 1st b.; W. Carpenter, 2d b.; Tremain, 3d b.; Say, s. s.; McGaffery, l. f.; McCloskey, c. f.; A. Carpenter, r. f.

STAR (OF SYRACUSE).—Dorgan, c.; McCormick, p.; McKinnan, 1st b.; Farrell, 2d b.; Madden, 3d b.; Geser, s. s.; Adams, l. f.; Furroy, c. f.; McGlynn, r. f.

CHELSEA.—Clare, c.; Rule, p.; Dunne, 1st b.; West, 2d b.; Duffy, 3d b.; McCabe, s. s.; Hayes, l. f.; Cassidy, c. f.; Hourigan, r. f.

AUBURN.—Farrow, c.; Furroy, p.; Plimpton, 1st b.; McClosky, 2d b.; Dixon, 3d b.; McAleer, s. s.; Ely, l. f.; Cleary, c. f.; Keaney, r. f.

ROCHESTER.—Hays, c.; Wilbur, p.; Pond, 1st b.; McKelvy, 2d b.; Calder, 3d b.; Womsley, s. s.; Lester, l. f.; Kimball, c. f.; Hallett, r. f.

ENTERPRISE.—Meehan, c.; Duffy, p.; Nolan, 1st b.; Clark, 2d b.; Donohue, 3d b.; Brenton, s. s.; McCracken, l. f.; Quinn, c. f.; McDermott, r. f.

CRICKET.—Roche, c.; White, p.; Latham, 1st b.; McGuinness, 2d b.; Smith, 3d b.; Dailey, s. s.; Kennedy, l. f.; Hefferman, c. f.; Crouch, r. f.

ALASKA.—Quilty, c.; Larkin, p.; Rice, 1st b.; Dover, 2d b.; Hankinson, 3d b.; F. Treacy, s. s.; Jolly, l. f.; Havey, c. f.; Dunnigan, r. f.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALLEGHENY.—Lane, c.; McKelvey, p.; Wilkinson, 1st b.; Quest, 2d b.; Williamson, 3d b.; Nelson, s. s.; Boeng, l. f.; Hann, c. f.; Cummings, r. f.

PHILADELPHIA.—Crawley, c.; Wesner, p.; Stahr, 1st b.; Shetzline, 2d b.; Richmond, 3d b.; Nelson, s. s.; Shaffer, l. f.; Mason, c. f.; Warner, r. f.

KLEINZ.—Clowney, c.; Kelly, p.; Finney, 1st b.; Peak, 2d b.; Crook, 3d b.; Ewell, s. s.; Higham, l. f.; Haskett, c. f.; Fisher, r. f.

NESHANNOCK.—Bennett, c.; Weaver, p.; Dickson, 1st b.; Jackson, 2d b.; Williamson, 3d b.; Creamer, s. s.; O'Neil, l. f.; Fink, c. f.; Morris, r. f.

ACTIVE.—Fields, c.; Lovett, p.; Goodman, 1st b.; Heifer, 2d b.; Stohl, 3d b.; Warren, s. s.; Dillon, l. f.; Beesler, c. f.; James, r. f.

HARRISBURG.—Crowley, c.; Lafferty, p.; Simmons, 1st b.; Shetzline, 2d b.; Quinlan, 3d b.; Stidham, s. s.; Schaefer, l. f.; Warner, c. f.; Mason, r. f.

CONNECTICUT.

NEW HAVEN.—Seward, c.; Nichols, p.; Cassidy, 1st b.; Fleet, 2d b.; Spence, 3d b.; Sam Wright, s. s.; Pabor, l. f.; Goldsmith, c. f.; Waite, r. f.

BRIDGEPORT.—Smith, c.; Snigg, p.; Ronan, 1st b.; Sullivan, 2d b.; Hacket, 3d b.; Dorrigan, s. s.; Briggs, l. f.; Rourke, c. f.; Chantrell, r. f.

MASSACHUSETTS.

FALL RIVER.—McGunnigle, c.; Eagan, p.; Libby, 1st b.; Crane, 2d b.; Piggott, 3d b.; Mutrie, s. s.; Butler, l. f.; Canary, c. f.; Oxley, r. f.

LIVE OAK.—Caskins, c.; Bradley, p.; Shattuck, 1st b.; Hawkes, 2d b.; Hall, 3d b.; Williams, s. s.; Tipper, l. f.; Coggswell, c. f.; Allen, r. f.

LOWELL.—Sullivan, c.; Foly, p.; Cogswell, 1st b.; Sellman, 2d b.; Woodhead, 3d b.; Macullar, s. s.; Enright, l. f.; Toner, c. f.; Forth, r. f.

TAUNTON.—Householder, c.; Carpenter, p.; Sullivan, 1st b.; Meyers, 2d b.; Dixon, 3d b.; Bates, s. s.; Allen, l. f.; Waterman, c. f.; Fitz, r. f.

CANADA.

TECUMSEH.—Powers, c.; Goldsmith, p.; Latham, 1st b.; Dennen, 2d b.; Ledwith, 3d b.; Horning, s. s.; Gillian, l. f.; Hunter, c. f.; Fogarty, r. f.

MAPLELEAF.—Walsh, c.; Sullivan, p.; Lapham, 1st b.; Heiver, 2d b.; Brannock, 3d b.; Keerl, s. s.; T. Smith, l. f.; W. Smith, c. f.; Maddock, r. f.

NEW JERSEY.

OLYMPIC.—Lilles, c.; O'Neil, p.; Crane, 1st b.; Mullen, 2d b.; St. Lawrence, 3d b.; Dolan, s. s.; McGovern, l. f.; McCracken, c. f.; Kelly, r. f.

RESOLUTE.—McGlynn, c.; Fallon, p.; M. Campbell, 1st b.; Laughlin, 2d b.; Coyne, 3d b.; Dolan, s. s.; Peters, l. f.; Austin, c. f.; Towart, r. f.

MICHIGAN.

ÆTNA.—Bennett, c.; Williamson, p.; Dixon, 1st b.; Morris, 2d b; Bohn, 3d b.; Creamer, s. s.; Firth, l. f.; Ross, c. f.; Farrell, r. f.

CASS.—Hoffman, c.; Taylor, p.; Howard, 1st b.; Puelle, 2d b.; Johnson, 3d b.; Bennett, s. s.; Brannock, l. f.; Kertz, c. f.; O'Leary, r. f.

OHIO.

BUCKEYE.—Barnie, c.; Nolan, p.; Simmons, 1st b.; Martin, 2d b.; Doescher, 3d b.; Burke, s. s.; Mansell, l. f.; Ewart, c. .; Dodds, r. f.

MISSOURI.

ST. LOUIS REDS.—Dolan, c.; Morgan, p.; Craft, 1st b.; Dillon, 2d b.; Collins, 3d b.; Redman, s. s.; Magner, l. f.; Oran, c. f.; Loftus, r. f.

RHODE ISLAND.

RHODE ISLAND.—Keenan, c.; Critchley, p.; Tobin, 1st b.; Brady, 2d b.; Burns, 3d b.; Turbidy, s. s.; Shandley, l. f.; Barry, c. f.; Hanlon, r. f.

WEST VIRGINIA.

STANDARD (Wheeling).—Sommers, c.; Vennum, p.; Maffit, 1st b.; Barclay, 2d b.; Glassock, 3d b.; Jenkins, s. s.; Lukins, l. f.; Robinson, c. f.; Wilson, r. f.

TENNESSEE.

MEMPHIS.—Kennedy, c.; Luff, p.; Walker, 1st b.; Shaupe, 2d b.; Brookshaw, 3d b.; Baja, s. s.; Moore, l. f.; Meath, c. f.; Maher, r. f.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS.—Smith, c.; Williams, p.; McDermott, 1st b.; Miller, 2d b.; Bachli, 3d b.; Julien, s. s.; Riley, l. f.; Griffith, c. f.; Eden, r. f.

KENTUCKY.

STAR (of Covington).—Flint, c.; McSorley, p.; Houtz, 1st b.; Strief, 2d b.; Shoup, 3d b.; Cummings, s. s.; Golden, l. f.; Tennison, c. f.; Baughner, r. f.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Chilton, c.; Grace, p.; Williams, 1st b.; Keating, 2d b.; Piercy, 3d b.; Curran, s. s.; Taylor, l. f.; Wynn, c. f.; O'Brien, r. f.

The champion clubs of their respective States in the above list may be said to be the Stars of Syracuse, Chelsea of Brooklyn—metropolitan champions—Fall River, Bucks of Columbia, Pa., the St. Louis Reds, the Olympics of Paterson, the Tecumseh of Canada, the Ætna of Detroit, the New Haven of New Haven, the Alleghenys of Pittsburg, the Centennial of San Francisco, the Rhode Island of Providence, Standard of Wheeling, Indianapolis and Memphis Clubs.

MEMPHIS REDS vs. PICKED NINE.

Below we give the score of games in which the Memphis (Tenn.) Red Stockings engaged with picked nines on Oct. 29 and Nov. 5, respectively:

MEMPHIS. R. 1B. PO. A. E. | PICKED NINE. R. 1B. PO. A. E.
Brkshaw, 3b 6 3 2 1 2 0 | Ellick, c. 4 0 0 4 4 4
Shoupe, 2d b 6 2 1 2 1 0 | Twoomey, 3b 3 0 0 3 0 3
Grace, l. f. 6 2 2 0 0 0 | Meath, ss 2 0 1 2 0 1
Burkalow, p 7 3 3 1 3 0 | Jackson, cf&s 3 2 1 1 0 5
Maher, r. f. 6 3 1 0 0 0 | Pearsl, 2n&rf 3 0 1 2 2 0
Loftus, c. f. 6 3 2 0 0 0 | Loftus, 1st b 3 0 1 2 0 0
Baja, s. s. 6 3 2 0 1 0 | Ford, r. f. &1. f. 3 0 0 2 0 1
Kennedy, c. 5 3 2 1 4 1 | Moran, ib&2b 3 0 0 6 0 1
Moore, 1st b 5 3 4 6 0 0 | Leech, p..... 3 0 0 2 1 9
Totals.. 54 26 21 24 8 2 | Totals.. 28 3 4 24 9 28
Memphis..... 0 6 0 8 0 2 8 2—26
Picked Nine..... 0 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0—3

Home runs—Brookshaw, 2; Loftus, 1. Fly catches—Reds, 1; Picked Nine, 11. Struck out—Reds, ... Picked Nine, 1. Total Runs—Reds, 35; Picked Nine, 3. First base by errors—Reds, 12; Picked Nine, 1. Total left on bases—Reds, 4; Picked Nine, 1. Umpire, Jas. Meath. Time, 1h 54m.

MEMPHIS. T. R. 1B. PO. A. E. | PICK'D NINE. T. R. 1B. PO. A. E.
Brooks'w, 3b 5 2 1 0 0 2 | Ellick, 2d b.. 5 1 2 2 0 2
Shoupe, 2d b. 5 2 0 3 4 5 | Jackson, s. s. 5 1 0 1 3 1
Walker, 1st b 5 0 0 2 | Burkalow, c. 5 1 0 1 0 1
Fell, r. f. 5 1 0 0 1 0 | Culbert, r. f. 5 3 0 1 0 1
Maher, p..... 4 1 1 0 3 4 | Kennedy, c. 5 2 3 17 2 5
Loftus, c. f. 4 1 1 0 0 0 | Meath, 1st b 5 0 0 9 0 0
Baja, s. s. 4 1 2 1 3 2 | Levy, 1st b.. 5 2 2 6 1 1
Grace, l. f.. 4 0 0 1 0 0 | P. Meath, c. f 4 0 1 0 0 0
Moore, c..... 4 0 0 4 5 5 | Twoomey, 3b 4 0 0 0 1 4
Totals.. 40 9 5 27 17 21 | Totals.. 43 11 11 27 8 22
Memphis..... 0 1 2 1 0 2 2 0 1—9
Picked Nine..... 1 0 3 0 0 0 3 3 1—11

Called balls—on Burkalow, 9; on Maher, 18. Strikes—off Burkalow, 67; off Maher, 30. Home run—by Kennedy. Double play—Brooks'w, Shaupe and Walker. Total bases on hits—Memphis, 5; Picked Nine, 18. First base by errors—Memphis, 11; Picked Nine, 11. Total left on bases—Memphis, 4; Picked Nine, 5. Umpire, James Meath. Time, 1h. 50m.

ST. LOUIS REDS vs. PICKED NINE.

A match game at St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 3, between the Red Sox and a team of selected players, for the benefit of Mr. Burtis, attracted but a meagre number of spectators. The game was fairly interesting, and resulted as follows:

REDS. R. 1B. PO. A. E. | PICKED NINE. R. 1B. PO. A. E.
Morgan, r. f..... 2 1 0 0 0 | Pike, 2d b..... 1 1 3 3 0
Croft, 1st b..... 3 1 4 1 0 | Cuthbert, l. f.. 1 2 0 0 0
Redmond, s. s.... 2 1 4 0 4 | Blong, c. f..... 0 0 2 0 1
Magner, l. f..... 0 1 0 0 0 | McSorley, p..... 0 0 0 2 2
Dolan, c. f..... 0 1 1 0 0 | Flint, c..... 1 0 6 0 4
Dillon, 2d b..... 0 0 2 6 0 | Pearce, s. s..... 0 0 2 4 0
Galvin, p..... 0 1 2 4 2 | Mack, 3d b..... 0 0 2 1 0
J. Gleason, 3d b 1 1 1 0 0 | W. Gleason, 1b 0 0 9 0 1
Sullivan, c. f.... 1 2 2 1 2 | Burtis, r. f..... 0 1 0 0 0
Totals..... 10 15 24 16 6 | Totals..... 3 4 24 10 9
St. Louis Reds..... 2 0 0 0 3 0 2 0 4—10
Picked Nine..... 0 1 2 0 0 0 0 0 0—3

Home run—Galvin, 1. Three-base hits—Croft, 1; Magner, 1. Two-base hits—Sullivan, 1; Redmon, 1; Cuthbert, 1. Total bases on hits—Reds, 24; Picked Nine, 5. Runs earned—Reds, 8. Umpire, Charles Houtz, Indianapolis B. B. C. Time, 1h. 50m.

FOOTBALL.

Stevens Institute vs. Columbia College. The initial match at the exciting and invigorating sport of football—the love of which is gaining ground among the students of our various seats of learning—between teams composed respectively of representatives of Stevens Institute of Hoboken, N. J., and Columbia College of the metropolis, was played on the grounds feet of Ninth street, Hoboken, on Saturday, Nov. 11. There was a considerable number of spectators on the field, who seemed to derive much enjoyment from the contest. The teams were made up as follows:

Stevens—Messrs. Hazard (captain), Suydam, Aiken, White, Denton, Roberts, Foote, Sheldon, Hornblower, Richards, Stephens, Kinnsland, Shippen, Dilworth, Nichols and Burckhardt; goal-keepers, Morton and Ogden.

Columbia—Messrs. Price (captain), Pryor, Bach, Brinkerhoff, Bogert, Palmer, Franke, Morgan, Parker, Train, Lynch, Hildreth, Embree, Colgate, Radford and Devereux; goal-keepers, Brower and Bush.

The opening game was captured by the New-Yorkers, Brinkerhoff's good kick doing the business; but the Jerseymen obtained satisfaction by winning the three following goals, thanks to the good play of Suydam and Hornblower, the former of whom was credited with two finishing touches. Columbia got the next two goals, the honors falling to Train and Lynch, while the Jerseymen were successful in the two succeeding turns, Nichols and Shippen deserving much credit. This gave the victory to Stevens. Umpires, Messrs. Weeks and Gerge. Referee, E. Stevens.

THERE IS A LETTER for Eddie McGlynn.

WM. C. MCCLELLAN AND WM. DE NOIELLE are matched to ride a bicycle race of twenty miles "for $250 and the championship of America" at the American Institute Hall, Sixty-third street and Third avenue, this city, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 29, at 8 o'clock.

A MUSICAL GLUTTON.

He waited for his oyster-stew
And drummed upon his plate
A solo with his plated fork,
And thus did meditate:
"I think one plate will not suffice;
I think I would not rue it
If I should take another dish!
I'll do it, yes, I'll duet"
He took his stew, he took his two,
And then he heaves a sigh, O,
And murmured in the waiter's ear:
"Another dish I'll trio."
Another and another still—
In fact, when he had ceased,
This human oyster-depot had
A quartet at the least.
PAUL VENTCH, in *The Boston Transcript.*

THE BULGARIAN BROTHERS.

AN INCIDENT IN THE TURCO-SERVIAN WAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Jagodar Huspedy was aged fifteen when he found a jar of coins in his dead father's field as he was tilling it to pay the Rajah's exactions. As the chief jewels of the Bulgarian maidens are coins, he needed not the superior education which the good papa had given him to appreciate their value. But he could not decipher the inscriptions. When the priest was shown them, he said:

"This is serious, Jagodar. This is a Godsend. I will find you the money for the journey by borrowing of the Hospodar. You must keep the secret and bear these coins to Paris, where they will be bought by coin-collecters at enormous prices. They are rarities."

The peasant arrived at the centre of civilization safe, and sold the treasure. He much pleased an ex-consul of France at Buscarest, who asked him to stay and complete his education. He did so remain. He paid one visit home after one year's absence. The priest was dead, his son was a man like himself, and the two plighted faith as brothers. This antique usage is the most binding pledge possible, passing beyond that of marriage, since woman is not rated high in the Orient.

Jagodar returned to Paris, compacted with Rabian Mali and in love with Zalinka, daughter of the man to whom he had leased the paternal land.

Some years pass, and bring us to May of the present year.

A young man, clad in that black suit which has become universal to all above the working class, entered the thriving village of Spagabonoi, east of Philippolis. It was morning. The sun shone brightly on the smiling faces of those in authority, Turks or their hirelings, and on the sullen visages of the natives.

Jagodar had not forgotten Bulgaresey, and he knew enough of Arabic to understand that the gathering before the wooden church was to see enter the handsomest couple for marriage that the place had ever known.

He lingered, and stood on tiptoe to look over the bushy caps of the Circassian guardsmen of the ruler. But instantly he uttered a fearful cry and dropped back on his heels, his beard bristling, his mouth open, and his eyes ablaze, more in consternation than a man on whom a masked battery had opened fire.

In the young girl, with red cap and flowing hair, crowned with flowers under the porch, he had recognized Zalinka. The throng, full of curiosity or other emotions, had no heed for his deep distress. He might have been deemed a petrified body but for the flushing of his lips and cheeks, and the chattering of his teeth. Through them stole his hissing breath in the words:

"I will be her death!"

But as he felt for the revolver he had carried on all his long journey, his fingers were paralyzed. The bridgroom was his brother. Yes, if she had sworn to be true to him, Rabian Mali had vowed with a dastardly treachery to be as much to become husband of his friend's sweetheart, to cherish her and preserve her for the absentee.

This double treachery appalled him.

"I met many such cases in the gay city," muttered he, drawing his unnerved hand from his bosom without the weapon, "but I did not believe our wilder life was free from ignoble vices."

Stunned and dazed, he hardly heard and did not clearly comprehend the lively peals of the wedding-bells, and the canticle within the holy edifice. Nor was he conscious, though he felt the pressure and was buffeted a little of a movement among the Turkish guards and officials. Its end was to clear the space before the church. There was something ominous in the act which caused the women's faces to disappear from the windows of the irregular squares of houses, and with them the children vanished from the mob. On the other hand, from the remote quarters more men came surging up, till the constrained gathering was thrice as numerous.

The benediction was spoken by the young girls, friends of the bride, and she and her husband came to the portals. They paused there, astonished to find a hollow square kept by the soldiery, and no greeting voices. As they halted and the bridal song was hushed by sinister presages, they beheld two men dig a hole in the ground, and others bring thither two beams, on which they had been lounging or sitting. They inverted the taller timber in the hole uprightly, stamped the earth round it to plant it steadfast, and dovetailed the other piece in by the end, so that it formed a letter L inverted. It needed but the hurried slash of a Pandour's sabre to the bell-rope which hung down outside the church from the steeple to the pavement, and the transportation of the severed cord to the novel tree, for all to guess that it was a gibbet.

Nevertheless, as if some secret understanding thrilled the lookers-on, none seemed to be surprised at these preliminaries, nor at the fiercely-bearded Zaptich, advancing insolently between the married couple, laying an unwashed hand on the man's shoulder and reading a roll held in his ungloved other hand. It was a warrant of arrest, with an order of execution for its postscript. Rabian Mali was convicted of association with the Omlavina—a secret society of the Austro-Turkish provinces—of slaying Nicolas-Bey in the uprising of Klissurah, and of other crimes and misdeeds, for which he was to be hanged and decapitated wherever found.

A groan ran through the multitude as they saw the young bride lift her eyes to Heaven and lower them in despair.

"If she would only look this way," murmured Jagodar, reviving, yet benumbed by horror.

A hand holding a sword was laid on his arm. Without looking at him, a hoarse voice whispered:

"You are a son of Bulgaria, or your face lies!"

He glanced round, and shook off his depression. Under the noses of the Turkish soldiers cunning hands were distributing weapons, which flowed in a mass from the pockets of the Church Place—old, rusty, but serviceable.

"Thank you! I am armed."

The blade he had rejected went by to a neighbor less fortunate than he. He then perceived that by some unnoticed tokens all the populace knew one another.

"The faithless brother who is my rival should not die by any hand but mine," thought he, catching the animating impulse of the bystanders. "Let me seek to free him—to save him, insofar as he is my countryman. After that, our settlement of accounts."

Then to right and left he flung the words:

"Men of my own dear land, I am with you!"

As if to accentuate his speech, he flung aside his canister-hat, odious emblem of Western civilization, and his head, with an eagle-like nose, was exposed to the warm Spring sun.

Meanwhile, they had led the condemned beneath the gallows-tree, and the noose was being formed for his neck. The bride remained on the church-steps, repulsing the old priest, who sought, in a bewildered way, to console her.

Rabian lifted his hand to call the attention of all, and was about to speak.

"Silence!" said the zaptich in a brutal voice, and, with his glove uplifted to lash his lips if he uttered a word, "and let the will of Allah be accomplished."

But the girl was not to be hushed so easily. On the contrary, she stood forward on the top step and cried out in a ringing voice, which fury and indignation could not rob of melody:

"Brothers! one word! They slay this brave man but to carry out a plan of lust and wounded pride of which even I am the first. Yes, the Sardar Cherman-Pasha persecuted me with his passion, and, while removing my sole defender, endeavored to force me to sell myself for his pardon, and perhaps my own life! Rabian Mali, brother-companion of Jagodar Huspedy, wedded me, only to be the barrier between me and the renegade Turk, and never was so untrue to his brother, be the latter near or far!"

"I believe thee, Zalinka!" shouted Jagodar, lifting up his right hand, armed with the gleaming revolver. "Rabian Mali must not lose his life thus. Men of Bulgaria, sabers of the tyrant, believers in the true cross, rescue for Rabian Mali!"

In a trice the scene was changed. The very beards bristled at the clangor of arms and the war-song of the mountains, as five hundred voices repeated:

"Rescue for Rabian! Remember your mother's cradle-prayer: 'May my boy hate the Turks!'"

The cry had not been finished before three shots of Jagodar's revolver resounded. Two men, one of whom was adjusting the noose, fell beside the condemned.

There were ten minutes spent in frightful disorder. But what seems to us confusion, in hand-to-hand fighting is the richly-vigorous life in which the Danubians take delight. The more numerous villagers rushed in parties at the troopers, and swarmed on them like a pack of wolf-hounds on the wild beasts. Heaven only knows how much heaped-up revenge for innumerable exactions, the heat of which would have filled the land with Wat Tylers in a host, was repaid in their sanguinary attack.

His repeater emptied, Jagodar had been forced to snatch up a scimitar in order to cut the last two yards of the way to reach his brother-in-arms. Rabian, torn and bleeding from the determination of the executioners to retain their prey, at last sank into his arms, panting with joy, though breathless with pain.

A loud hurrah burst from the multitude covering the battle-ground, and in the reopened windows of the ragged-faced houses the women waved colored scarfs.

The beaten soldiers, without lingering to save their wounded, retreated into the church, carrying with them Zalinka amongst other prisoners.

There was a pause, during which the insatiate rioters dispatched the wounded writhing in their midst.

While they rejoiced, and the women came down into the street with meat and drink, the Turks recovered their coolness, and prepared to turn the holy house into a fort, whilst awaiting deliverance. Their chief fear was that the building would be fired, although they held the *papa* as hostage.

Two or three fugitives had borne the news to Philippolis, where the Prussian officer who had become the Cherman (German) Pasha was expecting to hear pleasant news about the girl Zalinka, horrified into submission to his will by the execution of her husband. He was infuriated at the tidings. Calling round him his *solaks* (body-guards) and some *machadjis* (torchmen), he rode over to Spagalnoi. He entered the church, under a shower of stones from Albanian slings and other missiles, to revive his flagging soldiery. Since the clap-boards had been fired, they had tortured the priest to make him stand forth to pacify the townsfolk, but he had burst away towards them, at the risk of being shot down by the Turks, which happened. It was five in the afternoon.

He advised awaiting reinforcements. But Jagodar, deferring his mourning over his dead friend Rabian, had taken command with great good sense. He had divined that the superior officer would be followed by a strong force, and ordered the road to be filled with impediments. In three hours none had come. It was dark. It was more and more easy for the rebels to steal up to the walls and apply the torch or petroleum-bottle in an unguarded spot.

"They do not come," thought the renegade. "To cut our way out is impossible. Oh, that in this miserable dog's hole a disciple of Von Moltke should perish under the scythe and reaping-hook of untaught peasants!"

He expected a flag of truce to inquire on what terms he would capitulate, and learn the fate of the captives. But the Bulgarians paid no attention to the besieged, save to prepare material with which to crush them in a fatal onset. He reined up his arrogance, and condescended to send out a man with a white handkerchief tied to a sabre. He was fired on and driven in.

"No quarter!" ejaculated the renegade despairingly. "Here are two hundred and thirty of us going to lose our lives because of a young woman who is not as fair and plump as a beer-bringer girl in a Rheinish *brasserie*—Tausendhundertschagerien! I must die like a" [man he was going to say, but substituted "Turk!"

The insurrectionists resumed the assault, and were with difficulty repulsed. As they were retreating, the large window beside the church-door was burst open from within, and a number of misshapen forms wrapped in painted cloth were rolled out into their midst. They were the bridesmaids and others of the captives, shrouded in the paintings of saints torn from their shrines. The weakest at once returned to the charge with fresh courage, and the lower floor of the building was taken by storm. The Turks were in the gallery and belfry, having chopped away the stairs.

Jagodar, though going over the ghastly dead several times, could not find his beloved among them. "O what hideous end is she spared?" was the heartfelt question of a building on the same street with the hotel I have mentioned, and only a few rods distant. It was published by two young men—or, I might say, boys, for they were only eighteen and twenty years old, respectively—named Darrell and Kaynes. The paper and its youthful proprietors were already well known in the city of San Francisco.

The article which had excited the wrath of the ruffian Wolf was a bold denunciation of himself and his crowd for their lawless conduct, and it particularly aroused him by naming, characterizing him as a "blustering bully." It was the work of young Darrell, a fearless boy hailing from one of the Western States. Before leaving his home in the Mississippi Valley he had acquired a fair education, so that he could at least edit a newspaper in those early days; and he possessed, besides, that courage and daring which may be natural in the first place, and which are more thoroughly developed by exposure to dangers and hardships. Young Kaynes was quite a different kind of person in point of courage, being of an unusually timorous nature.

To return to the scene on Sacramento street. Working himself up into his very worst mood—and his best was bad enough, Heaven knows—Wolf tore the paper to atoms and started for the publication office. He was followed by a curious rabble, most of whom were elated with the prospect of a murder, though there were some present who would have remonstrated with the evil-hearted man had they dared.

"Just you watch," said Wolf as he reached the door, "if ye want to see their bloody carcasses tumble out o' the winder! It won't be long. I don't spend much time on sich fellers."

It was the intention of the cruel-hearted man actually to cut the throats of the two boyish journalists and throw their bodies out of the window, for the gratification of the crowd and the full-blown exaltation of his already fearful name. So the mob on the street awaited the issue with feverish expectation, as Wolf, flourishing his knife and revolver, entered the rude frame building and rushed upstairs.

All unconscious of their danger, the two young editors were busy pursuing their usual work in their primitive office. If they had heard the noise without, they had paid no attention to it, supposing it was merely a street row such as they were accustomed to hearing every day. Darrell was sitting at a rude table writing, and Kaynes was at the counter arranging some papers for the mail.

They heard the clatter of heavy boots on the stairs, but supposed it was some rough miner coming up to subscribe for the paper, or, perhaps, to see a lawyer who occupied a couple of rooms on the same floor; for the building was only a two-story one, and the second floor was occupied exclusively by them and an attorney, their rooms being separated from his by a narrow hallway that was reached by the flight of stairs alluded to.

"Ah-ha! I've got ye, my young imps!" exclaimed the desperado, bursting in.

Kaynes recognized him and turned pale. Being at the counter which faced the door and extended across the room, he was naturally the first mark for Wolf's vengeance.

"You young devils!" he hissed, scowling like a madman. "You'll never write nor print nothin' more 'bout me!" Here he flourished his knife and revolver above his head. "I've got a sure thing on both of ye!" Saying this, he looked about him with a careful scrutiny, to see that there was no means of escape for his victims, the quiet youth of the family, who, of course, would not dare to jump over the counter and try to pass him, but would cower down in a corner and take his turn at being killed; then he reached across the counter and seized Kaynes by the hair, which was unfortunately, very long.

Coiling the terrified young man's locks around the great coarse fingers of the left hand, Wolf laid his revolver upon the counter without the slightest apprehension that his youthful adversary would snatch it up and use it on him, as he might have done had he possessed the nerve, then flourished his big gleaming knife deliberately, with pure devilishness prolonging Kaynes' terror and pain.

"Now pray, you young 'un!" he hissed. "You've got a couple o' seconds or so left—jest while I'm clippin' yer ears off. I'll take 'em off first, clean and smooth, then I'll cut yer throat an' throw yer out o' the winder. D'ye hear that?"

Such was Wolf's reliance on the terror his name everywhere inspired, that he never dreamed of resistance. He simply intended to butcher the two young men, and such a thing as an obstacle to his will was not to be thought of. Had Darrell possessed no more nerve than Kaynes, there can be no doubt that they would both have been murdered then and there, in exact accordance with Wolf's programme.

"Time!" he said, grinding his teeth in an ecstasy of rage and drawing Kaynes' white face closer to his own repulsive countenance. "They're a-waiting to see yer carcass drap down into the street." Here he flourished his knife and selected his mark. "Right ear first. Watch how clean an' smooth I'll take it off. I won't even touch a hair."

Kaynes made no further entreaty.

"O—O can't!" the poor fellow shrieked, trembling with terror. "O don't, Mr. Wolf! I didn't write that on my soul!" and he whined like a schoolboy.

"None o' yer lyin'!" said Wolf fiercely. "Yer both wrote it, darn ye! and both o' ye'll pay for it!" Here he executed decided circles with his flashing knife, having apparently prolonged the torture as much as he desired. "Here goes; look out when I count three!" The knife was ready to descend. "One—two—"

He stopped and paused. He had not observed the movements of Darrell during the last few seconds, and, just as he was on the point of clipping off Kaynes' ear in the polished manner he had descanted upon, he found the muzzle of a rifle thrust almost into his face.

It was a loaded rifle, which, luckily, a friend of Darrel's had left in his keeping that very morning, while he went out to make some purchases. It had stood in a corner of the room near his table, and Darrell had seized it, cocked and leveled it with such dexterity that he had Wolf covered before his movements were observed; and he stood motionless as a statue, his cool eye glancing over the sights and a steady finger on the trigger.

"You great bully," he said "drop that knife instantly. Mind, I came from a country where they shoot squirrels only through the eye. I can hit any hair of your big head that you will mention at a hundred yards. Drop that knife."

The ruffian was fairly paralyzed. He relaxed his grip on poor Kaynes, who sank fainting on the floor, and his murderous knife fell upon the counter. So unexpected was this bold attitude of Darrell, that Wolf was more startled than he would have been if a dozen of the roughest men in California had assailed him.

There stood the boyish editor, motionless as the wall, and the muzzle of the rifle did not move a hair. Darrell held the desperado's life in his hands.

"You cowardly bully!" he repeated contemptuously. "Don't dare to move; I can send a bullet through your eyeball without touching the white. Don't move the eighth of an inch, or I'll do it and throw your filthy carcass out of the window."

Wolf glanced at his revolver, lying upon the counter within two feet of his eye, but did not venture to touch it.

"Dare to touch that revolver—so much as look at it again," said Darrell, "and I'll make a red picture on the wall behind you. You blustering, bragging knave! You are a coward at heart—a despicable cur! You came up here to murder two boys because you thought it a nice, easy task; and now you are pale and trembling with fear. I would kill you in self-defence, but that I don't want your dirty blood on my hands. Go, now. Turn instantly. Leave your knife and revolver where they are. I'll keep them. Go down to your friends on the street and tell them a boy whipped you—disarmed you and kicked you downstairs! Do as I tell you instantly. If you hesitate you will never see the sun set."

Wolf, trembling from head to foot, glanced once more at his revolver, but did not dare to raise his hand. His face was pale and his lips were dry.

"Do you hear me?" demanded Darrell sternly.

"Yes, yes; don't shoot!" replied Wolf, turning about, as commanded. He was thoroughly cowed. "I'll—I'll burn your ugly face this way again," said Darrell, "or you will pay for it with your life. Move!"

Tamer than a whipped cur, the ruffian walked towards the door, and Darrell, springing over the counter, was at his heels in an instant.

"Don't look back, or I'll kill you!"

Meekly obeying the imperative orders of the youth, Wolf moved slowly out of the room into the narrow corridor.

"Be careful; don't—don't let that gun go off," Wolf stammered as he reached the head of the stairs."

At this moment the clamors of the impatient crowd below arose with terrible distinctness, and one shrill voice was heard to say:

"Hurry up Wolf. Why don't you throw them fellers out?"

Exasperated beyond measure, he was on the point of turning back at the risk of his life; for, after all his braggadocio, how could he face those below, disarmed and chased out of the building by one of the puny boys he had intended so terribly to chastise? But Darrell was after him, and, with one vigorous kick, sent him heels over head down the wooden stairs with a thundering clatter, and, rolling over the doorsill, the defeated bully actually tumbled out upon the street before he could recover his equilibrium.

"Hello! How's this? What's up?" asked a dozen voices at once as the dreaded man reappeared in this undignified shape, without having sent any corpses down from the window.

"Why, I simply kicked him downstairs—that's what's the matter" responded the boyish voice of Darrell at the head of the stairs; "and if he comes up here again I won't let him off so easy. Don't be afraid of him; I took all his weapons from him."

Wolf struggled to his feet, rubbing his head, and presenting such a ludicrous appearance that he was greeted with loud jeers and bursts of laughter. So completely had he tumbled from his lofty eminence in the eyes of those who either admired or feared a bold murderer, that they who an hour ago would have dreaded to offend him by word or look now regarded him only with contempt—laughed at and derided him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" resounded on all sides. "Licked by a boy! Bah! Kicked downstairs by a child! Got your barkers took from you! Where's your knife? Where's them corpses? Ha, ha, ha! You ought to be egged out of town? Three cheers for Wolf!" and the three groans were given with a will.

"Three cheers for the little boy that licked him!" was responded to by three loud and enthusiastic cheers.

Never before had a rough crowd seen a man with an established reputation like Mr. Wolf thus suddenly fall to such a depth of degradation. All his name, fame, prestige, melted away like a mist, and he was no longer feared—no longer respected by the low thieves and cut-throats around him—only despised. Yes, despised by the meanest of creatures, whom he had oftentimes bullied as though they had been hounds.

How little, how pusillanimous he looked now, as he slunk away towards Montgomery street! Those who had known him for the last year, and regarded him as a giant, now fancied that he stood barely five feet six in his boots. The dread that had surrounded his name had cleared away like a vapor.

Such was Wolf's mortification when he came fully to realize what a pitiable figure he had cut, that he left San Francisco, and was seen in her streets no more. The fatality that had apparently thus far shielded and assisted him in his murderous work now suddenly deserted him. He was destined never to commit another murder, but was himself shot dead in Sacramento within three weeks after the events narrated.

I do not know what has become of Kaynes, or whether he be still alive; but I know that Darrell the brave boy, whose coolness and courage saved them both, is to-day a gentleman of position, residing in a flourishing city of Nevada.

HISTORY OF "THE OLD HUNDRED."

This unique psalm-tune first appeared in John Calvin's "French Psalter," published at Geneva in 1543, as the "proper tune" to the 134th Psalm. Guillesume Franc was musical editor of this work. He was a master in music, yet all that will be found in ordinary musical history regarding him is that he was an "obscure musician of Strasbourg of the sixteenth century." This is unjust to him, for a few of her finest melodies. A melody in Luther's great psalter, published from 1524 to 1560, seems to have suggested the ideas of this inimit

TROUBLE IN THE SIDESHOW.

The Agent to the Manager.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Come in—there's a row goin' on in the tent;
Let Swipes 'take the door,' if we don't see a cent.
We must settle this business, and fix it up soon,
Or the whole exhibition will 'take a balloon!'

"That ugly Albino is covered with scars—
He's licked the Gorilla and stole his cigars;
But the 'Cannibal Brothers' are kickin' the most—
Wantin' fricasseed chicken and oysters on toast.

"I'm morally certain the show will bu 'queered'—
Here's our new 'Bearded Lady,' she can't find her beard.
And that lazy 'Circassian'—she's worse every day—
Forgot all her 'crimps' just to 'give us away.'

"The Giant's been drinkin' and cuttin' up bad,
He's got the 'Dumb Oracle' swearin' like mad;
While that old Feejee Chief don't do nothin' but eat—
He'd better go home, back to Sullivan street.

"Them 'notices' too, they were rather too loud,
They praised the Gorilla and 'soured' the whole crowd;
They say that he ought to be put 'on the shelf,'
For he's 'in' with the critics, and writes 'em himself.

"The 'Petrified Man's' gettin' rather too 'big,'
Says he didn't engage for to 'double' a jig;
So, pardy, I think, till we fix up affairs,
We'll take in the organ and 'close for repairs.'" E.

PIKE STREET:
REMINISCENCES OF THE SEVENTH WARD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Short as it is, with Pike street are connected so many reminiscences in which figure names that have from time to time appeared in THE CLIPPER that I thought I would give the readers of it some of my recollections, extending back some forty years.

Pike street, it may not be out of place to remark by way of preliminary, rises in Division street, and, after running a southeasterly course, terminates at the East River, an eighth of a mile above the Catherine-street ferry between this city and Brooklyn. It has a length of seven blocks or squares.

The writer was born fifty feet east of it at its rise; and the frame house my father built eighty-five years ago, out of timber hewn from Jersey oak, is still standing, and rents yearly for more than its original cost. In my youth there were two crowds, one known as the "Pike-street Boys," and running with Engine No. 2, while the other, who ran with No. 15, were called the "Bayard-streeters." I was one of the "Pike-street Boys."

Passing down Pike from Division, the first street we come to is East Broadway. Originally, it was Harmon street; but some forty years ago the style of its dwelling-houses gave it so aristocratic an appearance that the wealthy families occupying them caused the old name to be changed to one of higher tone. In those days East Broadway was largely peopled by Quakers, and the houses they occupied on the southerly side from Pike to Market street are still standing, but alas! present a different appearance to the eye. In the olden time the street, the sidewalk, the steps leading to the front-doors, were cleanliness itself; but now—ah, well! East Broadway to-day speaks for itself. Most of the old residents have gone to their "long homes," and the few who are still in the flesh live in the upper part of the city.

Abraham Riker Sr., who but recently died, aged eighty-five years, owned and occupied the house on Division street twenty-five feet east of Pike. It was a frame house, and is still visible. On its first floor he sold boots and shoes for many years. About 1845 he bought a lot and built a three-story brick house seventy-five feet west of Pike street, and it was while he was here that he achieved the bulk of his notoriety. He had been before that a strong Methodist, and one of the pillars of Forsyth-street Church, the congregation of which still worship in that street. About the time that Riker changed his residence, a man named Miller (who had been a captain in the War of 1812, but became a Second Adventist) appeared in this city, prophesying the burning of the world and fixing a day for its occurrence. Strange as it may seem to readers of the present day, he soon had a host of followers in this city, and they styled themselves Millerites. Pinning his faith to Miller, Riker prepared for the mundane conflagration, and, with others of the faithful, caused his ascension robe to be made up. On the night prior to the day fixed for the general burning, he closed his store to all sales, and began giving away his stock of boots and shoes. Although his relatives prevailed upon him to pause in his gratuitous distribution of leather, yet his voluntary action was accepted as convincing proof of the sincerity of his belief in Millerism, and was all the more surprising to his neighbors for the reason that his business capacity and the soundness of his judgment had theretofore been unquestioned. Thus much of Riker and the Millerite freak, begun in 1843.

At about the same time, Sammis, who has for several years been the proprietor of the hotel on Fire Island, elegantly fitted up the premises on the southwest corner of Pike street and East Broadway, and opened them to the public as the East Broadway House. The establishment became a favorite resort for the "young bucks" of the lower end of the Seventh Ward. Three-fourths of the Sandy-hook pilots lived in the Seventh Ward at that time, and a hardy, fun-loving body of men they were, with an inexhaustible stock of humorous yarns. Besides being good fellows, they were drinkers of long standing—that is, they could stand up and "tip their elbows" without ever being further "under the influence" than to make them jolly companions. When ashore, the pilots made Sammis' their headquarters. On the opposite diagonal corner from the East Broadway House was the hostelrie of Jack Tipper, an old sport. The place differed in style from that of Sammis—it was more democratic, for Tipper himself was not only a Democrat, but also had served one term as Councilman of the "Old Seventh." At his house congregated the sports of the ward, with occasional reinforcements from all parts of the city. It was to this house and its patrons that "Boss" William M. Tweed owed his first success in politics, which was his election as Alderman of the Seventh Ward. Hard work (and it was honest work, for using money to control votes was not the thing in those days) in that particular district turned the ward in Tweed's favor. Ever since the ward had been divided into districts, the First District (as that part was called) had given the Democracy a majority, and hence came to be called the "Silk-stocking District." Struggling hard in behalf of "Young Bill Tweed," the sports succeeded in electing him by eighty-four majority in a ward that a year before had given Morgan Morgans, Whig, a majority of nine hundred.

Those many reminiscences connected with Tipper's house, and one I propose to here recall. After having been great "chums" for a long while, two night-watchmen in the Custom-house under President Tyler's administration "fell out" about something (of course, there was a lady in the case), and, having had words over it in Jack's barroom, agreed to meet at seven o'clock the next morning in the lots (or in the woods of that day) where now are Madison square and the Fifth-avenue Hotel, and where once was Corporal Thompson's Cottage, a favorite stopping-place on the Bloomingdale road. It is but human nature to take sides in such matters, and a party of men of each of them sided with the shorter of the two prospective combatants proceeded with him to the place selected for the meeting. There we waited an hour, but the other man failed to put in an appearance, and we returned to Tipper's. While taking the matter over, and wondering why the absentee had not put in an appearance on the ground, he came in with five or six friends. After argument and "chatting" had made both men hot, a match was entered into, money being staked with Tipper, to fight for twenty-five dollars a side in three days from that time. It was furthermore agreed to meet at George Reeder's, a public-house near Astoria, L. I., and to select a place near there as the battle-ground. On the day named some three hundred persons assembled to see the fight. The late Billy Wilson (who was an old Seventh-warder, having in his early days been a hard-working longshoreman) and "Dublin Tricks" seconded our man, while Morrissey and Big Kelly (as they called him) looked after the other fellow. There was no "roped arena," the clasping of hands along the line of the front row of spectators forming the "ring." The twain stripped. Our man was a chunk. The other fellow had a game heart, but it was inside of a thin, delicate frame, and his skin was as white as a babe's. Both looked somewhat nervous while the preliminaries of choosing a referee, etc., were taking place. At last, time was called, and they went at it "hammer and tongs." Both were naturally smart, and, being posted respectively by their professional seconds, during the first two rounds they did very well for amateurs. But early in the third round a foul was claimed against our man, the "ring" was severed instanter, there was a grand battle-royal for a few minutes, and the referee left the ground without giving a decision. For two or three days there was a great deal of wrangling at Tipper's place over the stakes and some few side-bets. Morrissey had bet twenty dollars, and he talked long and loud to make forty of it; but it was of no use for anyone to talk—the referee decided the battle a draw. The two principals became sworn friends again, and so continued until death parted them. Our man told me he never wanted to go into the ring again. Said he:

"Being handled by a professional second is worse than the fighting. When Tricks had me on his knee after the first round, I thought he would squeeze the life out of me. *He* called it holding my wind!"

Tipper has passed from the sight of men, and a vast tenement-house now occupies the corner that shall know him no more forever.

The building on the corner directly opposite Tipper's was occupied by Simpson as a grocery-store, while the house fifty feet east of Simpson's was Mackerel's livery-stable. In their business transactions the two gentlemen were very neighborly, and they conceived the idea that it would pay to establish a line of omnibuses running from the Dry Dock down to Grand street, and thence through East Broadway, Chatham street and Broadway to Whitehall slip. It was known as the East Broadway line, and was very successful. After running it for about eight years, Mackerel sold to Simpson, and it was eventually merged into the present East Broadway Railroad.

In Pike street, between East Broadway and Henry street, may still be seen the frame building that was erected by Jamaicon Cox, and occupied by him as a bakery. Cox was the first Chief-engineer of the N. Y. Volunteer Fire Department. I cannot date its erection, which was before my time. Cox occupied it until his death, some forty years ago, and then it passed to his eldest son, John, who was also an ardent fireman, being foreman of Engine No. 26, while his three journeymen were members of it. Whenever the fire-bell sounded, the bakery would be deserted, save by the writer, who was left in charge of it. After running the bakery for some years, John Cox turned it over to a younger brother, who carried it on until the estate was sold. Twenty-six years ago a relative of mine bought it, and conducted it as a bakery until a few years ago, when he sold it to a German under whose supervision "the staff of life" continues to be issued from there daily.

On Henry street, seventy-five feet west of Pike, Morgan Morgans was proprietor of a large andiron manufactory, the ample profits of which enabled him to retire and live in ease. A Whig in politics, and a popular man, he was twice elected Alderman of the Seventh Ward. At one time he was president of the Board, and in the election following his presidency the Whigs nominated him for the Mayoralty in opposition to Jacob Westervelt the shipbuilder, who was the candidate of the Democracy. Both then lived in the Seventh Ward, and my impression is that Mr. Westervelt is now residing on Long Island. Mr. Morgans, though he polled the full party vote, was defeated.

In the house on the corner of Pike and Madison streets Judge Alfred A. Phillips was born. His father was an old resident of the Seventh Ward, and the owner of two or three pieces of property adjacent to the corner. The son became conspicuous as a criminal lawyer, and was eventually raised to the bench. He has been dead some years.

About two hundred feet east of Pike street yet stands the Seventh-ward Hotel, with the "Liberty Pole" in front of it. It has been the grand rallying-spot for the Democrats of the Seventh Ward for many a year. There, in my earliest recollections of it, the election was held during three consecutive days, from sunrise to sunset. At that time there were lumber-yards on the opposite side of the street, and on the three election days the two parties built temporary shanties in those yards, and provided "free lunch" for their respective adherents, the purveyors being constantly engaged in keeping up the supply of barrels of ale (four dollars a barrel in those days), and of crackers and cheese. It was great fun around these "festive boards," especially for the boys after school-hours. The Seventh Ward, at a Presidential election, was the great working field of the city, for the reason that Uncle Sam's "men-of-war's-men," lying up at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, were allowed to vote in the Seventh—the Navy-yard being then, as now, embraced in that Ward. It would always happen about election time that there would be two or three large war-vessels at the Navy-yard, having on board a thousand men or so entitled to vote in the Seventh; and the old Walnut-street ferry (afterwards the Jackson-street and since abandoned), at the foot of Corlear's Hook, was busily employed in bringing the Jack Tars (Uncle Sam had no steamers in those days) over to the polls. Each of the antagonistic parties had a four-horse omnibus, with musicians on top discoursing popular campaign airs, traversing the entire length and breadth of the ward, and conveying to the polls such as, by reason of decrepitude or ill-health, were unable otherwise to vote. The third or last was the great and exciting day. Nobody pretended to attend to business. The entire block in Madison street, where the polls were, was thronged with people, and ale, crackers and cheese vanished in vast quantities.

Well do I remember the closing election day of 1836, the result being the elevation of Martin Van Buren to the Presidency. "Boss" Bill Harrington, who disappeared suddenly and mysteriously about the first of February, 1859, was leader of the Unionists, a club of young and active Whigs organized for that especial campaign. Harrington, a splendid-looking fellow, with a good-natured, rollicking face, was then a boss butcher in Washington Market, and among the Unionists were many stalwart butchers, of whom it was fancied that, by virtue of their physique, and their familiarity with bovine blood, they could have just about their own way in any ward they visited. But the "Old Seventh" had among its residents a great many hard-fisted ship carpenters and caulkers, etc., who, almost to a man, were staunch Democrats, and Daniel Reeder, familiarly known as "Tan" (in the face he resembled Yankee Sullivan somewhat, though he has outlived Yankee nearly twenty and a half years, being still among us, and over eighty years of age), kept a public-house, with small boats to let, at the foot of this Hook, of which locality he was the acknowledged leader, as indeed he was of the entire ward. About noon, on the last day of the election of 1836, Harrington and his band of Unionists came thundering into the Seventh Ward. The Democrats had had an intimation that the Washington Market pets would pay them a visit, and by the time they arrived Reeder had marshaled *his* host, and he gave them a lively reception. After an hour or two of sharp work, Harrington withdrew his damaged forces, having failed in the object aimed at, which was to annoy and retard the Democratic sailors in the polling of their votes.

In later years, desiring to interest a relative of mine in the canvass for Bill Tweed's election as Alderman, I asked him to accompany me to the Tweed ratification meeting. He did so, and there we heard the "Boss" make his maiden speech, which substantially ran in this wise:

"Mr. Chairman, I never made a speech in my life, and it is too late for me to commence to learn now." Swaying his body from side to side, schoolboy fashion, he proceeded: "I am a candidate for Alderman. I want to be elected. I want to have you vote for me. There is opposition to me at the foot of the street." He had reference to the policemen at the station-house at the foot of Pike street. "What is the cause of their opposition? Sixteen dollars and sixty cents." He meant, in answer to his own question, that the policemen were interested in his defeat to that extent weekly; for, in the event of his election, they would be removed, and Democrats would fill their places. This was in 1852, when there were no commissioners, no coalitions, no bargaining for place and power. The Jacksonian rule of "To the victors belong the spoils" obtained then, and the Alderman had the appointing power in his ward. Tweed concluded with: "If you will elect me, I will serve you faithfully. I will now bid you good-night."

My relative remarked quietly:

"He is not much of a speaker, is he?"

"He is not a flowery speaker; but you know that, as a general thing, those men who are not great speakers are always heavy in their actions, and actions speak louder than words," was my reply. Perhaps I was not prophetic.

But I must travel more rapidly down Pike street. On the northeastern corner of its intersection with Cherry was located the memorable Lee's Bakery and Grocery. I cannot date its foundation. It was there as far back as I can recollect, and it was of Lee that we boys bought our one cent's worth of "broken cake" to be used as "water-soak" after our swimming diversions; for what is now Peck slip, and is paved and built up with stores, was our swimming-school. The boat-builders of the neighborhood, having large yawl-boats sent to them to be repaired, would pull out the plug from the bottom, so that the boats would sink to their gunwales, and could not be stolen. These boats, having about two and a half feet of water in them, with a space of four feet from seat to seat, were used by beginners in the natatorial art. The present Peck slip was formed by dumping into it the refuse of that part of the city, and so the boys lost their swimming-place, while the corporation gained considerable landed property. On this new-made ground was located the Seventh-ward station-house, already alluded to. The policemen occupied the upper floors of a three-story brick building on the corner of Pike and South streets. The lower floor was occupied by Charley Young as a liquor-store, and it has been so occupied by different persons up to the present time.

Fifty feet from Pike street, in Cherry, James or Yankee Sullivan (or Frank Ambrose, as some who knew him say was his real name) opened the first of three different public-houses of which he was proprietor in this city. He had come to this country with a good fighting record, and soon found friends and backers. He was proprietor of this house when he was matched to fight Bell of Brooklyn. The fight took place in Summer, on Hart's Island, now the western end of Long Island Sound, and which in late years has been added to the islands, such as Blackwell's, Ward's and Randall's, under the control of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction. Although Bell was a much heavier man, nevertheless Sullivan had an easy victory. His antagonist was a professional bruiser, being the proprietor of a gymnasium in Brooklyn, where he taught the manly art. Prize-fighting was not in bad repute in those days. On the morning of the fight, passengers embarked on a dozen or more steamboats (crowding all of them to the water's edge), from the foot of Pike street, just beneath the windows of the police station, and the policemen looking on at the fun going on during the embarkation. Understand, the people were embarking in thousands. The different steamboats had advertised their excursions a week prior to the fight, stating where they were going and for what purpose, and also the price of passage, which was varied according to the accommodation of the boats. None were less than fifty cents nor more than two dollars—the latter boat the principals in the fight were interested in. Well do I remember how hot it was on Hart's Island that day. Some partook of cooling beverages all around. A spring of water on the island (not the cleanest water in the world), and dealt it out at six cents a glass. Coming home a victor, Sullivan did a heavy business in his public-house for some time afterwards. I forgot until how to mention that his place was called "The Liverpool House, by James Sullivan," a sign to that effect extending across the front of the building. His reason for starting in business in this location was to invite the travel from the Liverpool and New York line of steamships, which had been started in Great Britain to ply between the two cities, their depot in this port being the dock at the foot of our street. This selection added another interesting leaf to the history of Pike street, for at that dock the first steamship (named the Great Western) built to cross the Atlantic Ocean "made fast" and landed her passengers. I witnessed the scene, and it was a grand one, for it was a novel one in that day, as thousands that also witnessed it can testify. The Sirius, a small yacht-fashioned steamship, had arrived here on the same day as the Great Western, but a few hours before, and was lying alongside of a dock in the Seventh Ward, near Catherine slip. Sullivan did a thriving business for quite a while; but, the line of steamers leaving this dock and going to Clinton street, to make room for the market sloops with the freights of apples, potatoes, etc., they brought from the country, and Sullivan's Liverpool sign not proving so attractive to the sloop-men, he disposed of his house and sought pastures new. He had an eventful after-life, which many CLIPPER readers are familiar with. He was found dead in his cell in San Francisco on May 31, 1856, and it is difficult indeed to accept the theory that a man of his sanguine temperament did, as was announced at the time, commit suicide.

The Pike street of 1876 is an intensely busy thoroughfare, at least at its foot, with its old screw docks on the west side of the slip and its new sectional docks on the east side. Vessels of all sizes and from all parts of the world, come in there for repairs, and the steam power of modern days has overcome the difficulty attached in the olden time to the uncovering of ships to their very bottoms. But as I did not propose at the outset to write of things familiar to the present generation, I will stop here, closing with the assurance that the reader who has patiently followed me in my journey from Division street down to the river has seen in his mind's eye naught that I have not seen with the eye of vision—has read nothing but facts.

CHURCH REVENUES IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The Established Church of England counts: 13,054 ecclesiastics, of whom 6,703 receive an annual sum of £200 to £800; 1,880 an average of £772, and 9 £2,000. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the primate, receives £15,000; the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London £10,000 each, and the Bishop of Durham £8,000. In France the State gives 31,349,000 francs to 30,992 acting priests in the republic, 633,100 francs to 334 in Algeria, and 175,550 francs to 9,279 vicars. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris receives 60,000 francs annually; the Archbishops of Bordeaux, Rouen, Cambri, Rennes, and Algiers each 30,000 francs; twelve other archbishops 20,000 francs each, and the sixty-nine Bishops of France and Algeria each 15,000 francs. A sum of 92,000 francs is, moreover, allowed to the episcopacy for the expense of diocesan visits.

THERE is a well-authenticated story of a gentleman who, on being stopped in his carriage and having his purse demanded by highwaymen, put his hand into his purse pocket and drawing out a pistol killed the man on the spot. A Belgian woman acts lately displayed equal address. Stopped by a robber, when walking by the Meuse, who insisted on having her money, she put down her basket and proceeded to fumble for her purse, when of a sudden she seized him, and with a violent push she sent him plunging into the river.

CATTICISM.—The Louisville *Courier-Journal* has an untamed correspondent in New York who writes to this effect: Palmieri, the new soprano, is a success. Some of her notes are heard, others gurgle like oil emerging from a narrow aperture under a heavy pressure. Bulgini has an even voice, in the middle of it, so the chief notes she doesn't glide, but literally tumbles over a huge volcano boulder, and the bump of arrival is the next thing to discord. Her lower notes, when she gets them, are charming.

WOMEN often go to the destruction of their husband's fortunes through *bep*-ways.

NAY, LET ME WEEP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARION SACKETT.

Nay, only let me weep, dear love—
You cannot stay my tears:
For, ah! my heart is beating fast—
With love's fond, anxious fears.

For we are soon to say farewell—
How can I hear it spoken?—
And we may never meet again,
For vows are often broken.

You love me now—oh, yes, dear love,
I know your lips speak true;
But there are other faces fair
And eyes of deeper blue.

And when they smile into your own,
It would be so hard to say:
"I will be true to her alone
Who loves me far away."

Then let me weep, nor angry be—
'Tis all for your sweet sake;
How can I smile, alas! dear love,
When my heart seems like to break?

MIREILLE.

A Tale of the Opera.

CHAPTER I.

AMID THE MULBERRY TREES.

The scene is Provence, and the time when all the Provencals are busily engaged in looking after the silkworms and mulberry trees.

Arles, with its wonderful Roman remains, lies away there, shining in the sun, and the reader must fancy himself in the midst of the *magnarelles*, as they are called, the silkworm watchers and tenders.

Amongst the girls hobbles a keen-eyed old woman, who, like most of the clever and lame keen-eyed old ladies in every village of Europe, is looked upon with more or less suspicion of being a witch.

The news runs that Vincent, the shepherd, loves Mireille, and that her father, the rich silk-farmer, knows nothing about it.

Tavenne, the accredited witch, has heard the news; and when, as she hobbles amongst the mulberry groves, she sees Mireille, she halts, and finds something to say.

"Is it true, then, that Mireille loves Vincent?"

"It is," says Mireille, dark of skin and eyes, black of hair, like all the Arlesiennes.

"Riches and poverty go not well together, Mireille; and, as I look into your future, I love it not. It is shadowy. Listen to what I say: If your peace or the happiness of your love comes to be threatened, remember my gray hairs, which should give you confidence. Come to me, and seek help. I see you cannot answer me; but you hear—when you want help, come to Tavenne."

Mireille looked after the wise old woman so earnestly that she did not mark the footsteps of her approaching lover—a youth of great beauty and fire; but who, nevertheless, betrayed a certain weakness of countenance.

"But nothing shall make me sad this day," she said; and, shaking off the spell the so-called witch had cast upon her, she looked about, and then it was she saw her lover.

"Is it thou, my love?"

"Mireille!" he said, and then turned his steps away from her.

"Where goest thou in such haste?"

"The fields are so pleasant."

"Wilt thou not stay and talk with me, Vincent? I am tired, and would rest."

"If my wishes might be my will, I should never quit thee, Mireille. Yonder, in my desert abode, with my father and sister, my days are spent. The old man rarely speaks to us, and I sit and listen to my sister, who is always singing."

"Thy sister! Hast thou a sister? Thou hast never yet spoken to me of her. Is she beautiful?—is she gentle? What is her name?"

"Vincette; but she is not pretty, yet modest as the valley flower she is. She has not thy loveliness."

"Thou knowest well how to find pleasant things to say, and well may it happen that all those that love thee find thee delightful."

"And are not all men charmed with thy beauty? All who approach thee, like me, must admire, and all who behold thee must languish and sigh."

"Vincette is most charming, and yet thou lovest me the better of the two!"

"Indeed I do!"

"Why, what possess I that thy sister has not?"

"Ah, what more has the nightingale, with dulcet tones and love-notes sweet, than other birds who make the air re-echo with their gladsome cry—save graceful form and melody? Whenever my heart is oppressed and sore, its sister's soft words console me; but when thou dost smile upon me, my heart beats with ecstacy, and thy glance enthralls my soul!"

"Time flies" whispers Mireille. "If longer I stay, I shall neglect my friends. I must be gone. Vincent, my love, farewell! Come, help me to replace this basket of mulberry leaves upon my shoulder."

"Farewell, Mireille," he says, kissing her forehead.

"Listen," she says hurriedly, "and bear in mind what I say. In the face of Heaven, with truth in my soul, I hope to meet thee. Should sorrow come, let us promise to pray for one another."

As they parted, Tavenne, the so-called witch, is watching the young couple; and slowly, sadly, she shakes her head.

CHAPTER II.

AT ARLES.

We are in the arena at Arles, where a pastoral fete is being held.

Here Provencal gladiators once contended, where now nothing more formidable is to be seen than a friendly wrestler, while the chief contention is to be found in the dance; for it is here where is danced the world-famed farandola, the brightest and handsomest dance that now remains in Europe.

"Look!" whisper the gentles; "there comes Mireille!"

The peasant girls whisper and laugh as they say, "Vincent is with us, but he waits only for her."

"They come here but to meet," others agree, in low voices.

The gardens wish Vincent good-morrow, the youths have the same kind wish for Mireille, and all eyes are upon the couple when they meet.

According to the custom in Provence, and, above all, in Arles, there is singing, and especially duets, such as have been sung for many centuries; and the neighbors soon watching the lovers singing one of the old troubadour duets.

Suddenly, there is a great outcry and scuffling, and the two singers are separated by the surging crowd.

In the midst of these excited people are the two wrestlers, on their way to the circus erected in the arena, and then pushing towards it.

This disturbance brought Mireille near Tavenne.

"Mireille," she says, "goest thou not to the booth? No? Then listen; I have news for thee."

"I thank thee, Tavenne."

"This the day when those who love are openly betrothed to one another."

"I know that, good mother; but why remind me of the custom?"

"Because, passing just now the dense thicket, I heard three youths talking of love. The first was Urias, the wild herdsman; the second, the shepherd Ayrin; the third, Pasqual."

"What matters to me what they say?"

"Much; for all three have chosen thee for wife."

"What! Shall I give up Vincent? Never! My faith is firm."

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

LECTUR'

On de Skience ob Kard-Playin' an' cet-eters.

De grate game ob *Whist* mustn't hab any talkin' 'bout it—so we *pass*. De game ob *all-fours* am so kalled cos it's gin'rally played by *two*. It ken be played a "sittin' on a rail," for 'taint necessary to git down on *all fours* to take a hand—dat would be a *feat*, sure 'nuff. Bummers am very good players; dey am sure to git *high* ebbery chance, an' dey am allers sure to git *low*, too. Life-preservers am allers good to have wen yer playin' dis game, 'cause dey often *save Jack*. Paupers am 'fuss-rate players; dey know 'zackly how to play an' dey gin'rally *make game* ob ebberybody. El yer play de *queen* yer shuah to hab de *king* down on yer. Like a sirkis hoss, de more *tricks* yer has, de better. Yer kin ax yer 'ponent, widout bein' sassy, wedder he tinks himself *high* or *low*. Dandies order like dis game, for dey kin hab fresh *suits* jess for de axin'. Pleecemen make fuss-rate players, for whenebber *clubs* am *trumps* dey allers has a winnin' hand, an' de *knaves* hab no chance agin dem. By de 'rithmetic ob dis game one ten am more as two fives. *Piquet* were very much 'dulged in durin' de war, and de players use to *cut* a 'versy often an' make a good many *points* wid dere bay'nets—but dere were werry little *shufflin'* done in dose times. In dis game a *quart* counts four *pints*; dat makes it a good game in playin' fur *drinks*. Moss ebbery game am like *Loo*—ebbery am *loo*-sing games. *Speculation* am played mosely on 'Change. It am play'd by one feller sellin' a ting dat he hasn't got to anudder feller dat couldn't pay fur it ef he had it to delibber. *Bluff* an' *Brag* am ob de same kidney. *Poker* am a *grate* game; but moss ebbery feller *burns his fingers* dat touches it widout *tongs*. Dis am de only game dat *Ministers* am 'lowed to play; but I *Emma*-gine dat dat's played out now. Howsumebber, dat's only a private 'pinion ob *Mine*. De ole style ob *Minister* was better. *Matrimony* am a game dat "two ken play at," an' it naterally leads to *crib*-age. De partners in dis game mus' dis-card an' *divorce* demselbes frum ebbery bad *tricks*. De lady mus be keerful dat she don't *revoke* 'roun' too much. Still dere is such a ting as being too much ob a *House-wife*. In sum games, by a hocus pocus, de *knave*, as in real life, am often taken frum de bottom an' put to de top, an' den he "*plays* sich fantastic *tricks* as make de angels weep." [Dis am eider *Bouci* or *Shake*.] Now, den, to prove dis subjek. Fair *dealin'* an' square *playin'* am jus as 'portantin card-playin' as in de big game ob life. In de latter de player am sure to come out ahead in de long run. Jess yu look, my feller-blackbirds, by way ob 'lustration, at dem fellers dat play false in de games ob trade an' pollytiks. One ob dem (an' he was de bees ob de whole lot) now lies in his bloody shroud in de littel country berrying-groun'; an' dat kunnin' neglectin' his own littel humsted an' takin' anudder *man's field*. Udder fellers am fur de fuss time in dere lifes "doin' de State sum service;" an' udders agin dat didn't git de *cane* on dere backs am wanderin' roun' de earth wid de mark ob Cain upon dere brow. Now, I tell yer, my dahrk doves, dat you am more happier in yer littile log-cab in wid yer littel piccaninies an' dere mammy eatin' hog an' hominy, dan dem fellers dat had de *hearts* to *club* togedder an' cheat de hand dat holds de *spade*, dat dey might shine wid *diamonds*. Dem fellers don't count in de long run. No, sah; dey am *shuffle* an' *cut* round much as dey please, but de squar, honest player somehow allers gits all de *honors* in his han' at las', an' wins de mos' games. Yer 'spected lect'rer will soon gib yer nudder *rubber* or two, shuah, as he's a honest *Indian-rubber*.

DYING BY THE WAYSIDE.

DEDICATED TO BARRY MAXWELL,
BY CHAS. L. HOWARD.

I am dying by the wayside—
There is no one near to cheer—
The "old man's" time has come at last,
And I must die, I fear;
Oh, if I only could have reached
The dear old place at home,
How happy would I lay me down,
And die without a moan;
Old massa and old missey,
And young Miss Jennie, too,
I loved you all wid dis dark heart,
And to you I've been true.
But I am dying by the wayside,
Away from all I love;
But I hope, when you are called away,
We will meet there, up above.
Chorus.—I am dying by the wayside—
There is no one near to cheer;
The old man's time has come at last,
And I must die, I fear.

'Tis hard to die so far away
From all that we hold dear,
With no one near to say good-bye,
Or drop a tear;
Good-night to dister preserved, gentlemanly ushers are in attendance. Positively no improper characters will be admitted.
Doors open at 6½ o'clock. Curtain rises 7½.
Admission to all parts of the house, 25c.; front seats reserved for ladies accompanied by gentlemen. N. B.—This rule will be strictly enforced.

"OLD MEMORIES."

AND DEDICATED TO MRS. JEFFE DELANO, SERIO-COMIC VOCALIST.

I sing thy songs, but thou art gone—
Thou knowest not memory's vital power;
The lonely past is here once more,
The pleasant chat, the glad, bright hour,
'Tis o'er, 'tis o'er: I shrink and writhe
Beneath stern duty's iron hold,
That bids me to the present turn,
Burdened with miseries manifold.
Mine is no cold and callous heart—to the
My friendship is no feeble flame,
Ready to seek, more quick to bear,
And all more dark than when I came.
No. When at His dread bar I stand,
And I my separate sins shall hear,
Nor broken faith nor friend betrayed
Will in the list 'gainst me appear.
Old songs, sweet songs, I sing you o'er,
And friend and foe before me stand,
The brave, the noble, and the true;
And Malice, with her hidden hand,
Nor dare again at God's dread shrine
To take the consecrated bread.
'Tis o'er: I shrink in concentrated wine. VIVA.
New Orleans, Nov. 2, 1876.

THE ANTONIO BROTHERS' CIRCUS in Cincinnati, O., in 1860.

Two of the Antonio Brothers are engaged in business in St. Louis, Mo. The others are dead. Benjamin Stevens, J. Showles and Albert Aymar are living. Mrs. J. Showles is dead. It is doubtful whether Tom Osborn is living or dead.

ANTONIO BROTHERS' GREAT WORLD CIRCUS.
Model Show of the United States,
comprising some of the most brilliant artists, lately arrived from Europe, combined with the best American talent. The company is composed of the following eminent performers:

THE ANTONIO BROTHERS
Guillamo, Lorenzo, Augustus and Alphonzo, the world-renowned Acrobats, Gymnasts and Pantomimists.
BENJAMIN STEVENS, the brilliant trick and somersault rider.
MRS. J. SHOWLES, the celebrated female horse-tamer.
MR. J. SHOWLES, the great globe performer on horseback.
MLLE. ELIZABETH, the fascinating equestrienne.
ALBERT AYMAR, in his pleasing equestrian scene acts.
MAGASI BALLET TROUPE, in their character dances.
T. OSBORN, the darling two and four horse rider.
MONS. DUVAL, the wonderful contortionist.
MASTER CERETTO, the youthful equestrian.
The beautiful performing horse AMERICAN EAGLE, performed by Mrs. Showles.
NONPARIEL, the celebrated trick horse, introduced by A. ANTONIO.
THE GRAND ITALIAN CARNIVAL, BY MLLE. CERETTO.
The night's performance will conclude with the startling and terrific act, entitled
THE FIRE-KING,
in which Mr. Showles will appear on the corde volante, completely enveloped in VOLCANO OF FIRE. This is the only company that has ever performed this thrilling act.
The company is possessed of a beautiful stud of thoroughbred ring-horses, with new and brilliant decorations, trappings, etc.
A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION will enter town at 10 A.M., headed by a team of fancy marked Arabian horses, driven by J. W. Paul, the American Hercules.
A full corps of auxiliaries is attached to this company.
WILL EXHIBIT IN CITY LOT,
ON THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, MAY 10, 11 AND 12.
Performance on THURSDAY, at 7 P. M., only. FRIDAY and SATURDAY, at 2 and 7 P. M. Also at COVINGTON, WEDNESDAY, May 9, at 2 and 7 P. M. Admission to boxes, 50c.; pit, 25c.; children to boxes, 25c.
Change of performance every night.
Seats for all.

ON "STYLE."

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS ADAH RICHMOND.

Throughout the land, in every town,
We hear both songs and lectures too,
On subjects of much less renown
Than one I've pick'd to-night for you.
Pray listen to me at your ease,
Your patience I'll tax but a while,
And hope my verses all may please
As I sing a few choice words on "style."
Style is a god we worship all,
And yield to his all-powerful sway;
He rules supreme o'er great and small,
And cares not for what critics say.
What were the goddesses of old,
Who lured the gods by winning smile,
To chain them with a tress of gold?
They were but girls who put on style.
Yes, style has been of every age,
And down from Father Adam's time
The wise, the silly and the sage
Have followed it in every clime.
Pray, come, deny it now who can—
I say 'twas not through serpent's guile
That Mother Eve first tempted man—
She did it just to put on style.
We follow style in language, too,
For "slang" expressions rule the day.
To greet a friend, "How do you do?"
"Hello, you old sardine," we say;
To find out if he has the "pelf"
We question if he has "struck ile;"
And then "you know how 'tis yourself"—
Why, he will treat to put on style.
Then let all censors "go to grass,"
We care not what they choose to say—
And if in this live age we'd pass,
Let us keep up our style O. K.
Hoping that I have won my cause,
I thank you with a parting smile;
Then let me have your kind applause—
Now, give it, just to put on style.

A. P. KNUTT.

NERVOUS SENSIBILITIES OF ACTORS.

"Pooh! Punch has no feelings!" said Johnson, in one of his surly fits, speaking of his friend Garrick—the affectionate, generous, sensitive Garrick, whose delicate health and early death told a very different tale. Johnson knew he was wrong, and felt he was brutal—doubly so, as the remark was made to Garrick himself, in answer to a remonstrance with Johnson for putting him out in "King Lear" by talking too loud at the side of the scenes. But much as the great critic liked "little Davie," he could never quite forgive him his success, or regard his art with any sympathy; so, like all sayers of good things, he sacrifices truth to a pithy sarcasm. When is death made him look the truth straight in the face, he made him splendid amends. But somehow the phrase has stuck, and, as people generally write and speak of the actor and his art, it is plain that in their hearts they are quite of the opinion, "Punch has no feelings." Painters, sculptors, novelists, poets, orators—all workers by the imagination—may feel; nay, if the world is to care about them, they *must* feel. But the actor of whom above all others it is true,

Si vis me flere,
Dolendum est primum ipse tibi,

gets no credit for his emotions. The wear and tear of sensibility and passion are nothing to him. It is only acting. "Pooh! Punch has no feelings!"

It is quite true that actors in general live long—a circumstance which may at first seem incompatible with great sensibility. Some of the most eminent have done so, as, for example, Betterton, Quin, Mackin, Mrs. Siddons, Mlle. Mars. But as there never was a great actor yet who did not start with an exceptionably fine constitution, and maintain it by *temperate habits*, this is not remarkable. Quite as many actors of distinction have died comparatively young—Burbage, Bracegirdle, Wodfington, Lekain, Leconvreur, Garrick and Rachel. In dealing with a question of this kind one can, of course, only look to the case of the leading ornaments of the stage—the spirits which were "finely touched, and to fine issues"—the true artists, whose work was all more or less vivified by the fire of genius. In the actors, just as in the painter's or any other artistic vocation, the rank and file are at best but mechanics, all tolerably well versed in the technical part of their profession, and doing their work with varying degrees of respectability, but not possessed by "the shaping spirit of imagination," or troubled by too keen sensibilities. The amount of nervous force which they exhaust can never be very great. But Garrick never played Lear, or Rachel Phidre, without giving a good part of their lives to the inspiration of the hour; and no actor, of even greatly inferior mark, can do his work conscientously without drawing much more largely on his vital forces than is done in the every-day work of most of those professions which are classed as artistic. It is only the finest organizations that can prosecute the histrionic art in its higher walks and not break down early. An actor of genius without a commensurate physical force drops as surely into an early grave as a Raphael or a Keats.—*Fraser's Magazine*, Jan., 1865.

UPSIDE DOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

'Tis night; the fierce and blazing sun
Is sailing through the sky;
The hippopotamus and dolphin
Go gayly sauntering by.
I hear the snort of the wild zebu
As he kicks up his heels afar,
While I—I stand upon my head,
And thrum the light guitar.

The merry shark from bough to bough
Jumps in the leafy trees,
And soft-shell crabs direct themselves
Upon their hands and knees;
The gorilla sighs to his loving mate,
As he lights a fresh cigar,
While I—I stand upon my head,
And thrum the light guitar. J. H. B.

IN LOVE WITH A PICTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MAGNOLIA.

I could not deny it even to myself, ridiculous as it certainly appeared. I, Louis Kirke, who boasted of my invincibility to female charms, was in love—and in love with a picture.

The picture hung above the mantelpiece of the room which I had but recently rented in a large, dingy old house, which looked as though it had once been aristocratic. This house stood in a shady, retired locality, far away from the quiet sun of the shade, and the large, cool rooms, I had preferred it to more fashionable houses.

That the picture was a portrait I could not doubt. It represented a young girl with light drapery about her bare, rounded shoulders, just veiling the exquisite bust. Her face was slightly averted, yet the eyes gazed full into those of the spectator with an earnestness, an intensity, a *fascination* of expression strangely at variance with the half-scornful curve of the exquisite mouth. There was in the whole face a passion, a life-like, vivid expression, such as only a portrait can possess, and which the artist had succeeded in wonderfully fixing upon the canvas.

How strangely that beautiful, half-enticing, half-mocking face haunted me! Glancing up from the many-chapiered desk at which I was seated, the floor (for I was then a young author "writing for a living"), all my elaborately-arranged ideas would be put to flight by meeting those bewildering eyes fixed upon me; and when, leaning back in my armchair, I would steadily meet the gaze, they would seem to look through and through me, and the delicate, ruby lips to curve showly into a smile, which thrilled me as no smile of living woman had ever power to do.

"Whose portrait was it?" I once inquired of my landlady. She did not know. She had rented the house, furnished, from its late owner, a Mrs. Duval, who, dying a few months after, had left the whole to a faithful attendant, Mme. Barr. Of course I knew Mme. Barr—the old woman who kept my apartment in order, and brought up to me my well-served meals. She knight know something about the picture. She was now the owner of the house and its contents, and, if I wished to purchase the picture, might be willing to sell it to me.

Now, I had no liking for this Madame Barr. She was a tall, hall, hallow, body, woman, with a firmly-set lips, hollow eyes, gray hair, turned straight back and twisted in a close, rope-like knot at the back of her head, and an aspect of the most determined hardness and reticence. She kept my room in perfect order and neatness, never disturbed things, never pried, and fell in with my wishes and fancies; but, for all, she might have been an automaton. She never spoke except in reply to a question, and then briefly and abruptly. Consequently, I rather shrank from addressing her.

One day, however, when she was replenishing my fire, I said:

"Madame Barr, can you tell me whose portrait that is?"

She looked up suddenly, almost dropping the coal-scuttle as she did so. Then she stooped and hurriedly brushed up the coal, and after a moment's pause answered shortly:

"It is the portrait of a friend of a former owner of this house."

And before I had time to furtker question her she was gone.

"There is some secret, or something particular, connected with that portrait," was my thought, as I reflected upon her agitation and unwillingness to give information concerning it.

One day I took down the picture and examined it. It was undoubtedly the work of a finished artist. After indulging in a long study of its beauties, I replaced it with a keen regret that it was *only* a picture—an intense yearning to see the original, and to gaze into the *living* eyes of what here only mocked me with a lifeless semblance. In my agitation I had not hung the frame securely, and, slipping from its nook, it fell with a crash at my feet, face downwards. As I lifted it, I perceived a few lines written upon the back of the canvas, in red paint:

"R. Vanderlyn, 18—," a date of some ten years back.

Was this the name of the artist? If so, this lovely creature, whose portrait had been painted but ten years ago, must be still living, and as beautiful as then. She could not have been more than eighteen, as here represented. Only twenty-eight years old now, and at that age, and even past it, many women are more beautiful and charming than when in their first youth. A wild, passionate desire to behold the original of this lovely picture took possession of me. I must seek her, I must find her out. Even though she might prove to be the wife of another, I might still behold and worship her at a distance.

That evening I called at the studio of my friend Gilbert, an artist already known to fame. While watching his rapid and skillful manipulation of the background of a picture, I asked quietly:

"Gilbert, do you know of an artist of the name of Vanderlyn?"

"Vanderlyn? No."

"Do you know *anyone* of that name?"

"The name is familiar to me. Let me see," he added musingly. "I did know one of that name—not personally, but by report—Roger Vanderlyn, so notorious some five-and-twenty years since from his connection with La Belle Gabrielle."

"Who was she?"

"Ah, you're not old enough to remember. She was the most beautiful and promising actress of her time—Cynthia Vanderlyn was her real name—the cousin of this Roger, to whom she was engaged in marriage. They were a proud and wealthy family; she the only child of a wealthy merchant of this city. Her mother was Spanish, and probably from her she inherited the passionate nature which, with the French charm of manner, made her the fascinating creature that she was."

"A French-Spanish angel!" I remarked sarcastically.

"No angel, I assure you. A Lamia—a Circe; but you shall hear the story. It reads like a French romance."

And then he told me the history in detail, which I shall here give in a few words:

The heiress Cynthia Vanderlyn was about to marry her Cousin Roger, when suddenly she astounded the public by eloping with her handsome Italian music-teacher. Her father, dying shortly thereafter, left his whole property to his disappointed lover, to whom, after a time, she proved a brutal husband; and, she being gifted with Spanish passions, their married life was not of the happiest. At length, in disgust at his infidelities and brutality, she left him and became an actress—a profession for which she had always had a longing, and for which, in fact, she seemed to have been formed. She made her debut in London in one of the minor theatres, and shortly after suddenly appeared in Paris, where she created a furor not yet forgotten by the playgoing world. Soon she received the addresses of one of the most brilliant and wealthy noblemen of the French court; and, she refusing to become his mistress, he proposed to marry her, bringing what he considered undoubted proof of the death of her late husband. But, just as the beautiful American-creole girl was about to become Madame la Comtesse, the Italian husband reappeared and put in his claim, which she resisted with scorn. High words ensued, and at length he brutally struck her to the floor. La Belle's creole temper was up. Snatching a dagger—a part of her theatrical paraphernalia—she plunged it into the Italian's breast—alas! with too fatal an aim. Five years' imprisonment succeeded—imprisonment and hard work for the haughty Spanish beauty, the child of wealth and luxury. One day she resented the attempted familiarity of a jailor, a low wretch, by striking him with an iron bar which happened to be near. The blow proved fatal, and La Belle was sentenced to the galley for a certain term of years. What had since become of her my friend had never heard; but he had not yet ceased to remember with interest the beautiful creature whom he had once seen on the stage of the Parisian theatre, entrancing every heart by her marvelous grace and a magnetic charm of expression which seemed peculiar to her.

At these last words of my friend I experienced a sudden thrill. This "magnetic charm of expression" was exactly what had so fascinated me in the picture in my room. Could this, I inquired, be the portrait of Cynthia Vanderlyn—"La Belle Gabrielle?" The conviction instinctively forced itself upon me; and, in order to test its truth, I invited Gilbert to a quiet tete-a-tete supper with me next evening.

When he came I made no allusion to the picture, but placed him where his gaze would naturally fall upon it. I marked the look of sudden interest and surprise with which he regarded it, and the eagerness with which, turning to me, he inquired:

"Kirke, where *did* you get that portrait?"

"Is it a portrait?" I asked quietly, yet with a beating heart.

"A portrait? Why, boy, it is the image of La Belle Gabrielle, the creole actress of whom I was telling you. Her very image, and yet not half so beautiful as herself."

Asking about her again, I was led to make a half-confession of the strange fascination which the picture had exerted upon me.

"Gilbert, I would give my life to meet the woman who was the original of that portrait. You may laugh at me—you may call it an absurd or even an insane fancy—yet I have a conviction that she is the only woman living whom I could love."

"Nonsense! a condemned murderess—a galley-slave!"

"Were she sunk into the lowest depths of disgrace or vice, I would not turn from her. I would rescue—would save her—would lift her again to the life to which she was born, and glory in so doing."

I felt all that I said, for I spoke with my eyes fixed upon the earnest, passionate ones that looked down upon me, entrancing but mocking.

"From what you tell me," remarked Gilbert after a pause, "this old woman of yours, Madame Barr, evidently knows something of the history of the pictures and the original. I will make an attempt to find out."

Accordingly, when madame entered and commenced laying the cloth for our supper, my friend cautiously addressed her with some inquiry as to a former tenant of the house—an acquaintance of his who had suddenly left the city about a year past.

"I know nothing. I was not in New Orleans a year past," was her answer, in a tone clearly designed to put an end to any further discourse.

"A hard case," said Gilbert with a shrug as she marched out of the room with set lips and the mein of a grenadier. "And has it never struck you as strange, Kirke, that two beings so immeasurably different as those two—I mean your old woman and this exquisite creature here"—pointing to the picture—"should both be the same sex—both *women?* The one all youth, beauty and witchery; the other old, ugly and repulsive; I can't realize that such as Madame Barr could ever have been a young girl, or have known what *love* is!"

I checked him, as the old woman's quick step was again heard at the door. She entered, bearing a dish of stewed oysters; and, as she placed it on the table, by some accident it was partly overturned. Stripping up her sleeve, she entered a napkin and commenced to wipe up the slop with her long, skinny, brawny arms, through the shrunken flesh of which the sinews stood like cords. I glanced at Gilbert, and saw his eyes fixed intently upon the face of the woman.

"Madame," said he abruptly, yet with a strange deliberation, "can you tell me what has become of the original of that portrait? I mean of La Belle Gabrielle."

She turned to him with her large hollow eyes ablaze. The two looked at each other, and neither spoke a word; but as she left the room Gilbert sank into his chair quite pale, and with a half-breathed exclamation of horror.

"Kirke," he gasped, "don't you know—don't you see? It is—it is Cynthia Vanderlyn herself."

I could not believe it—not even when he pointed out to me a certain unmistakable correspondence in form and feature between the picture and the woman whom he had known as Mme. Barr, and mentioned what had first excited his suspicion—the mark of a brand deeply burnt in the arm, which the woman had so hastily and unwittingly bared.

"She was sentenced for twenty-five years," he said, "a period which expired not quite a year ago. She cannot be more than forty-five now, this hag whom you would take to be seventy. And it is to *this* that ungovernable passions, guilt and misery have brought her who was La Belle Gabrielle!"

Our landlady presently entered. She would herself attend to our supper. Madame Barr had been taken suddenly ill.

Gilbert inquired:

"Was Mrs. Duval, the late owner of the house, a Vanderlyn?"

"No; she had been a housekeeper in that family for many years. Mr. Roger Vanderlyn died a bachelor, and left this house and its furniture to her in reward for her long services."

"And Madame Barr was her servant?"

"Madame Barr came from France about a year ago, and nursed Mrs. Duval in her last illness. I presume she may have been some distant relative. Mr. Duval left the house to her, as you know, and she allows me still to rent it."

Madame Barr never again made her appearance in my presence; and I, understanding the motive, in a few days thereafter left the house. So ended my foolish dream—"IN LOVE WITH A PICTURE."

A FREE DRINK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Apropos of Delmonico, who has just gone up—that is, uptown—his barroom once afforded Charley Salisbury an opportunity to exercise and display his wondrous versatility. It happened, I believe, shortly after Rabineau had opened his saloon adjoining Burton's old theatre. The elder Parsloe had a dramatic agency there, and the neighborhood was consequently a great resort for actors. Whether Rabineau made money or not I am unable to say, but he "trusted," and those to whom he extended this accommodation were not particularly timid. They did not even preface their calls for fluid with any of the modern apologies, such as "I'd like to stand this house off for the drinks," but they walked boldly to the bar, and, after treating all their friends, requested the barkeeper to "remember it." The story runs that Rabineau began to "kick" at having so much impressed upon the memory of himself and barkeeper, and one day, while discussing the credit system, he made the rash remark: "Not one of them could go over to Delmonico's and get a drink without paying cash down for it."

"I'll bet you five dollars," said an actor, "that Salisbury will get a drink at Delmonico's without paying a cent for it."

"All right," said Rabineau, and the bet was made.

They waited for Salisbury to arrive, and as he came sauntering down Broadway he was waylaid and informed of the bet.

"I'll give you two dollars if you win," said the actor.

"I'll try," replied Salisbury. "Give me ten cents and two pennies."

This small change was handed to him.

"Now give me a cigar, and lend me your cane," said Salisbury.

The cane was supplied, and thus fortified he walked into Delmonico's, while the others followed to watch him.

Getting trusted for a drink at Delmonico's was out of the question, for obvious reasons. The establishment did too large a business to be bothered by accounts or the "remembering" of anything. Friend or foe, acquaintance or stranger, made no difference to the barkeeper. Cash down was the unexceptional rule. The barroom was crowded as usual, and the barkeeper had his hands full. He almost flew from one end of the counter to the other to wait on customers. Salisbury planted himself at the end nearest the door, and with considerable flourish called for a tumbler.

"A clean tumbler, if you please, barkeeper," said Salisbury.

"Yes, sir," said the barkeeper, sliding a tumbler along the counter. Salisbury took up the tumbler and looked at it carefully to see that it was perfectly clean, and, by the time he had finished this operation, the barkeeper was six or eight feet from him, waiting on other customers. But soon he returned.

"Now," said Salisbury, "let me have some ice, some *clean* ice. I don't want any straw or sawdust on the ice; it *must* be clean."

"Certainly, sir," said the barkeeper, with profound respect, thinking he had an epicure to deal with.

"And now a little of your best brandy, *s'il vous plait*."

With great deliberation Salisbury poured out the brandy and drank it slowly. Then, after a pause, he beckoned quietly to the barkeeper. The ten cents and two pennies were on the counter. He had watched closely every movement of the barkeeper, and when that lynx-eyed individual was "off his guard" Salisbury managed to slip the twelve cents upon the counter near his edges.

"Excuse me," he said; "I don't want to give any trouble, but is this correct?"

The barkeeper was somewhat confused, and asked:

"What do you mean? What is it?"

"Is this my change?" asked Salisbury.

"What did you give me?" said the barkeeper more confused.

"A quarter, I believe," answered Salisbury.

"Then, of course, that's correct," said the barkeeper a little rudely.

"I beg your pardon, I really beg your pardon," said Salisbury; "but I thought this was a sixpenny house."

"No, sir," shouted the barkeeper indignantly. "A shilling a drink."

"Then this *is* correct," said Salisbury, pocketing the ten cents and two pennies again. "You really must excuse me; I thought it was a sixpenny house. I might have known better, too."

It is needless to say that the actor won the bet, and Rabineau thought it was scarcely a fair proceeding. VICTOR PARRTON.

STRANGE HANDS AT WHIST.

The number of strange and exceptional hands at cards which have actually been held is very large; but comparatively few of them are publicly known, either because the players do not deem it worth while to put them in print, or because they lack access to the periodicals having a relatively small circulation. One is known as the "Yarborough hand." The (or an) Earl of Yarborough once held a hand containing no card above a nine, and had reason to remember it on account of some heavy betting that was going on. Ever after that, he held himself entitled to one thousand guineas to one guineas against such a hand being held again. A practised arithmetician calculated that the real odds are somewhat larger than the earl supposed; and yet the hand has been held sufficiently often to obtain for it a distinctive name. One whist-player noted that he held the king of hearts six times running, or in six successive deals. The odds against such a coincidence can be exactly calculated, but we have not the figures at hand.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, whose numerous works on astronomy are so well known, has gone at some length into this subject of strange games at cards; his mathematical attainments enable him to do what few others would be formidable to in less practical hands. One recorded instance relates, not to thirteen cards of the same suit being held at one time, but to one suit coming up trumps thirteen times in succession. This occurred with spades trumps; it was noticed because one of the players had a notion that he was always unlucky when spades were trumps, and this made him all the more impressed with the strange repetition of that particular trump suit. Mr. Proctor found that the odds are more than thirty millions to one against spades thus turning up thirteen times in succession. There is a spider's-web comparison by him which we will notice to show how ingeniously he tries to assist plain-going folks to understand these amazing numbers. Treating of the number of possible ways in which the fifty-two cards of a pack can be dealt out to the four players, he bids us imagine that a filament of a spider's web is only one-millionth of an inch in thickness; that such filaments are arranged side by side in close contact; and that these millionths of inches are continued from the earth to the principal star in the constellation Centaur; even then the total number of filaments will only be a mere fraction of the number of deal variations he was treating of. In another case relating to the possible number of arrangements of all the cards in a pack (not the same thing as the distribution in dealing), he imagined a phalanx of little cubes, each only one-millionth of an inch in the length of each side; he calculated how many of such cubes would be required to equal the number he was concerned with; and he found that if the tiny cubes were packed together in a giant cube, this giant cube would equal, in the length of each of its sides, seven thousand times the distance from the earth to the sun.

One of the quaint modes of illustrating these almost inconceivable quantities, already noticed, is by showing how long a time all the people in the world would be employed in dealing cards, if they did nothing else, and outlived the Wandering Jew in vitality, in order that the deals should reach a certain number. This reminds us to say that inveterate whist-players do sometimes continue dealing and playing, without sleep, and with only snatches of food, throughout an extraordinary number of hours. In a short obituary notice of a whist-player, who died a year or two ago, it is stated that this gentleman (Mr. Blank we will call him) formed one of several players who sat down to whist on a Saturday evening. Some left when the clock struck twelve, the midnight hour; others continued through Sunday and Sunday night, and then some had to go to business. Some of the remainder continued at it Monday and Monday night; a few throughout Tuesday and Tuesday night; and on Wednesday morning Mr. Blank and one companion were still there, playing double dummy. Tradition declares that Mr. Blank "grew a beard" during this protracted sitting.

A MAN can borrow trouble without giving security.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

THE KHEDIVE'S BEAUTIES.

A correspondent of *The San Francisco Chronicle*, writing from Cairo, Egypt, says: "Hasten to the Shoobra, and for two hours or more drive up and down one of the stronger avenues under the sun. The Shoobra road leads from Cairo to the village of Shoobra, about four miles distant. It is as straight as an arrow, and is bordered by sycamore, fig and acacia trees. The dense boughs are interlocked above it. Palaces and villas are scattered here and there, and upon each side you look off upon great meadows dotted with fibies and sprinkled with palms, and see in the horizon the summit of the Pyramids. All that is lovely and unlovely in Cairo finds its way to the Shoobra; the beauties and the beasts, the princes, the beggars, the idols of the harem, donkeys, foreigners, camel trains, and all the odds and ends of humanity. You drive up one side of the way and down the other, ogling and being ogled to your heart's content. The fat gentleman in European costume, with a tarboosh and a half dozen mounted attendants, is the Khedive. In that close carriage, under the protection of a eunuch on a splendid horse, are two of his favorite wives, milk-white Circassian beauties, with their faces swathed in snowy folds of gauze; the exquisite carmine lips, even the faint rose-tint of the cheek, are visible through this scrupulously thin mask; high-arched eyebrows and black as night are busy with the world they know so little of. Lovely beyond description are these slaves, but spite of this dazzling loveliness you can see that it is chiefly artificial. The eyebrows are painted; the eyelids are tipped with kohl, and a dark line extending from the outer corners of the eyes makes them much larger than they are. That white skin is softened and made whiter with powder; the flush of the cheek and the glow of the lips have been heightened by the coquettish touch of the rouge-box, and all this you see at a glance. Even the lower part of the face like a transparent mask, adds immensely to the brilliancy of the feminine charms. White camel's hair shawls, covered with rich gold embroidery, lemon-colored kids, a Parisian fan, the light of the harem is suffered to blaze upon the world for a brief hour, but she must stop within her prison like a gorgeous tropical plant under glass, or that light will be put out. Two, three, a half-dozen carriages, and some of them having three or four veiled beauties in them, wheel slowly by; a eunuch to each, and a brutal-looking thing he is; and then you have some of the more favored of the wives at the mercy of your eyes. You may look as earnestly as you choose and you will not outstare them; smile even, and the chances are that they will hide a smile in their fans. Ya Mahomet! Is your harem stored with fleshpots such as these? Look well, for you cannot look long; the carriage rolls away, you are dazed for a moment, but for a moment only, for in the muffled rumble of those wheels you are delivered from the stare of splendid eyes."

WHY ENGLISH GIRLS "ENGAGE."

It was asserted last season by ill-natured dowagers that several young ladies became engaged to their friends without any idea of marriage. If this was really a true count, it shows that season belles can be wise in their generation. They see the numerous advantages enjoyed by their engaged acquaintance, and think that they may as well put in their thumbs and pull out plums for themselves, leaving the dry crust of matrimony to others. Several unpleasant revelations were made last year, which tend to prove that many women would, if they were allowed, turn marriage itself into a mere engagement. The exemption from disagreeable duties, the comparative freedom from social restraints enjoyed by a girl who is engaged, are certainly to be envied. It is no wonder that those who are not admitted to such privileges should try to obtain them by a kind of fraud upon society. In America, and even in Canada, girls are not driven to this expedient. There they can take a man on trial. They can go with him to theatres and parties, just as in this country the servant-maids can do with their young men while they are openly keeping company. Young ladies feel a craving for such comradeship, and look with envy at the cook as she takes her young man out to enjoy the society of a man whom, after all, she is not bound to marry. Under certain circumstances engagement appears very preferable to marriage in a girl's eyes. Her parents may be wealthier than her suitor, and her home happy. She has comfort without care. All she wants is a little more liberty, and this she obtains by an engagement. She immediately finds that men cease to be afraid of her, and pay her an amount of attention to which she has hitherto been unaccustomed. She can refuse a disagreeable partner at a ball, as she has a name available for all blanks on her card. She has a right to her escort without scandal; and if she likes it she may wear out her old clothes, as her trousseau is supposed to be in progress. If she is staying away from home she need not appear down-stairs all the morning, as she is supposed to be busy receiving and writing love-letters. Men have no share in these disadvantages, and it is not surprising that they should uniformly wish to shorten the term of probation.—*Saturday Review.*

A FAITHLESS PARSON.

Two years ago Rev. Thomas H. Branford, colored, was introduced to an ebon-hued damsel, who bore the patronymic of Miss Martha Pope. Time passed on, and Thomas allowed his heart to go out in all its fulness to the gentle Martha, who, however, did not reciprocate the amorous feeling as much as her lover would have liked. When the Springtime came he related the old, old story, and Martha at last made him as happy as a mammoth sunflower by surrendering her hand to him. An engagement ring was quickly purchased, and soon encircled one of the fingers of the dusky damsel. The wedding-day was fixed, and Thomas violated the trust reposed in him by enticing the too-confiding damsel from the path of virtue. His object accomplished, he postponed the time of their marriage, much to the regret of Martha, who was anxious to be redeemed from the disgrace brought upon her by the mention of her name in connection with a child. While in that city she was the recipient of numerous letters from seducers in which he reiterated his protestations of love and promises of marriage. But, instead of doing his duty, he married another negress. Instead of pining away and dying of a broken heart, the wronged woman caused the arrest of the wily Thomas last week on the charge of seduction. The prisoner was arraigned before Judge Richardson, fined one thousand dollars, and sentenced to hard labor in the coal mines for six months. His counsel spoiled the romance of the affair, however, by appealing the case to a higher court, and Martha is still confidently making him suffer for his perfidious course.—*Philadelphia* (Ala.) *Advocate.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGE.

At the Liverpool (Eng.) Court of Passage recently a case of breach of promise of marriage was heard. The plaintiff, Miss Jane Callahan, aged 30, had been at one time a young lady of considerable personal attractions, and was not now devoid of good looks. She was the daughter of a respectable widow, who carried on the business of a furniture broker, and the defendant was a bric-a-brac collector or merchant. He was a Persian by birth, and he trafficked principally in articles derived from the East, and carried on large and lucrative undertakings. The defendant promised to marry her on several occasions, and, although he had been a bad, at all events, some strange notion as to the solemnity with which marriages in this country were sanctified. He objected to the Christian ceremony, and proposed to marry her according to what he called Eastern rites. He was simple enough to believe him, and the mode in which he performed this extraordinary ceremony was as follows: He took down a sword, and, having unsheathed it, he pronounced some cabalistic words in Persian, and went through a long and intricate ceremony. He then sworn upon the sword, and made her do the same, following this up by drawing a nuptial declaration in his own language, and finished by saying that they were married according to the Eastern rite. He promised that he would take her to Paris, where he would marry her according to the Christian religion. This promise had never been fulfilled; but, having been deceived by it, she had given birth to a child in 1871, and was now again about to become a mother. The jury found for the plaintiff damages, £75.

SAVED FROM SHAME.—Among the passengers on an Eastern train that arrived at the Grand Central depot late on Wednesday night was Miss Lottie Austin, a prepossessing girl of fifteen years, who had come from Bennington, Vt., alone. She was a stranger in New York, and sought her aunt, Mrs. Louisa Comstock, whose address she had. On leaving the depot she wandered around, not knowing which way to turn. Her movements were noticed by a tall, dark-complexioned loafer, who accosted her and proffered his escort. At first the girl hesitated, but, reassured by his assertion that he only wished to serve her, told him where she wanted to go. He soon won her confidence, and she related that she was an orphan, her parents being dead two years. She had run away from Bennington, where she was employed in the family of Dr. Potter, because of ill treatment on the part of his wife, and she felt sure her aunt in New York would provide her with a home. By this time the pair had reached a Forty-third street hotel, and the silly-tongued accompanying her that she would be well cared for until morning, ordered a room for both. His design, however, was frustrated

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M. [MONDAY, Nov. 13.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnold, Grace
Alexander, Laura
Arlington, Ella
Anderson, Lottie (clogdst)
Alexander, Mrs. Sara (3) 10c.
Brennan, Mrs R.A.
Bridges, Winona
Bartelle, Mrs. Carrie
Bratin, Jamma
Braddon, Anna
Crawford, Miss J.
Clifton, Carrie
Crauford or Joslo
Norris, Miss
Correll, Blanche
Delmay, Lo-lu
Daniels, Ivy E.
De Yoe, Adele
Davenport, Maude (2)
D'Alvis Sisters (3)
De Lancey, Agnes
Fisher, Jennie
Farwell, Addie
Fleming, Lizzie
Forrester, Nellie
Forrest, Lillian (vocalist)
Fontinelle'u, Mlle.
Gray, Lotta
Goodall, Rebecca
Kendall, Garnie, Madam 10c.
Gray, Ada
Gray, Minnie
Glasford, Eliza
Gerry, Emma M.
Gray, Minnie
Oscar
Gray, Marion
Hastings, Lizzie
"Helena" (2)
Helstone, Grace E.
Hezlep, Grace
Hastings, Hattie
Harland, Rose
Hewett, "Belle"
Hastings, Kate (o m. Birmingm, En.)
Hayden, Ida
Howe, Lillie
Howe, Mrs. Mary E.
Herrmann, Addie (2)
Howard, Minnie
Harrison, Mrs. H.
Jackson, Minnie
Johnson, Mrs J.
Kemp, Alice
Lo-lo, Miss (trapeze)
Larkell, "Nell"
Lynn, Augusta
Laurent, Reina
Le Clair, Mattie
La Rue, "Belle"
La Rue, Belle (Lo-la Sis.)
Merritt, Miss T. (of Abby's Co.)
Mitchell, Maggie
Montague, Annie (Opera "biz")
Meyer, Bonnie
Meyers, Mrs. F. W.
May, Alice
Millard, Emma
Mineo, Mrs. Laura
McAvery, Annie
Mordaunt, Marion
Phillips, Adelaide
Pike, Adelaide
Picquett, Miss M.
Richmond Sisters
Raymond, Lillie (vocalist)
Rathburne, Josie
Rankin, Mrs. McKee
Roberts's, Blanche
Robinson, Julia
Ranol, Kate
Richards, "Belle" (p.o.m. Lon., Eng.)
Rignell, Mrs. Laura
Reynolds, Kittie
Sanford, "Lou"
St. Felix, Madam
Swinburne, Marie (3)
Stowe, Emma (2)
Stuart, Adelaide
Soper, Cora
Smithland, Agnes
Turnour, Hepsey
Tyson, Annie
Victoria, Mlle. (late of Barton's O.Ho.)
Van Zandt, Inez
Vances, Agent
Adelaide 6c.
Weston, Maggie (male-impersonator)
Wilbur, Kittie or Hettie
Walters, Mrs. Chas.
Webster, Florence (2)
Warner, Ella
Woods, Carrie (3)
Walters, Nellie
Wurm, Marie
Warren Sisters
Zitella, Miss
Zoerner, Anna

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Gray, Harry L.
Gliddon, Archibald (3)
Gaynor, James
Henshaw, T. W.
Hedges, "Tom" (of Ben Hur)
Hayden, W. R. (2)
Healy, H. (with Carrie DeForrest)
Hamilton, Wiley
Hawley, D. R.
Hutchings, D. L.
Hodges, D. B. (3)c.
Howard, Chas. L. (2)
Harris, Geo. (of Georgia Minst.)
Heindl, Alex.
Hart, Paul
Hickey, J. (of Howe's Cir.)
Harris, D. J.
Hartt, H.
Hoffman, Frank
Hall, J. Clinton
Howard, Bronson
Howard, Geo. B.
Poole, Charlie"
Haggard, A. (musician)
Haynes, M. R.
Hooker, H. J.
Harrison, H.
Hart, J. O.
Herring, Chas.
Hill, John W.
Herizog, "Dan"
Howard, T. J.
Rooney, "Pat"
Rowe, G. F.
Roth, Albert
Reynard, S.
Richards, O. E.
Robinson, Ed.
Rentprone, I. N.
Rivoli, —
Renolds, "Joe" P.
Robberts, Prof.
Rice, Ed. J.
Reed, "Billy" (of Internat. Nov. Co.)
Richardson & Naylor)
Reed, Chas. (equestrian)
Rankin, McKee
Richards, G. (with Worrel Sisters)6c.
Robinson, "Yankee"
Reed, J. (of Sheehan & Jones) "Star"
Salsbury, N. W.
Sprague, Z. W. (2)
Stickney, Robt.
Sanford, "Lou"
Shelby, J. H. (of Rice's Cir.)
Stanhope, Geo. W.
Sullivan, J. J.
Sage, Geo. A. 20c.
Schofield, F. S.
Smith & Fox
Spaulding's Bell R. Manager of 6c.
Skelly, Jas. (songwriter)
Scott, "Andy"
Simmonds & Wall
Shepard, B. (of N. O. Minst.)
Sapley, Mr.
Sibley, "Will" E. (2)
Sully, "Billy" (of Sully Bros.)
Sellon & Byrnes
Shields, Jo n
Serls, Mons.
Scanlan & Cronin
Sharpley, Phil.
Theodore, Chas.
Tallmann, David
Tyler, Geo. H.
Tinkham, E. D.
Thornton, Chas.
Turk, Paul
Tain, "Kid"
Victorelli, H.
Victorelli, John
Wagner, Wm.
Wiggins, Prof. T. (wizzard)
West, Frank
Wood (6 Acts)
Watson, J. (of Nottingham, Eng.)
Williams, J. (of Lancashire Lad")
Wood, Wm.
Wood & Emmett
Williams, "Billy" (of Long & Wilms)
Williams, "Bobby" (of Bryant & Minst.)
Wilson, Willie late of Decatur, Ill.)
Worland, Jno. H.
Worden, R. (of Worden & Mack)
Wiggins, S. F. (magician)
Wheeler, "Billy" (Dutch "biz")
White, W. A. (pianoist)
Watson, (equestrian) Fred.
West, W. H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Warner, J. E. (of K. Putnam's Co.)
Wate, Geo.
Washburn, "Tony"
Wing, Chas. A.
White, Judd R.
Weiss, Otto
Walters, Jandis
Wright, H. O.
Willett, Robt.
Washburn, B. S.
Witherbee, Lee
Wilcox, L. M.
Weaver, H. A.
Wood & West
Wambold, Geo.
Walton, E. D.
Weitz, F.
Wylie, Wm.
West, E. S.
Yeager, Chas.
Zera, Prof.

THE FOLLOWING PROFESSIONALS are notified of letters awaiting them at the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office: John Hopwood, George Makepeace, Alfred Hall, H. C. Moore, all of "N. Y. Serenaders" Troupe; "Kit" Clarke; Harry Morris, Dutch "biz;" The Phoites; Chas. L. Davis, comedian; Chas. W. Freeman, of Tyler's Co.; Chas. Austin, late of the Opera-house; Mrs. Lillie Robertson, of "Novelty" Co.; "Pete" Spess, of Howe's Circus; and Horace Moore, and "Billy" Peel of James Heywood's Combination.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Nov. 13, 1876.

And so the long agony is over, and the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick will sicken the heart no more, for the successful candidate in the late Presidential race can now make his title clear without further "ifs" and "buts" and anxious waiting. In like peaceful manner has the grand Centennial Exposition been formally closed, and the tired and wayworn pilgrims are on their journey home, well pleased with all they have seen and heard in their travels to and from the Centennial City. Before the closing ceremonies, on Nov. 10, we conceived the happy idea of purchasing the main building, and converting it into a gigantic theatre, with hotel accommodations on the European plan; or, failing in that, we designed exhibiting the educated fleas therein; but too late we learned that the city of Philadelphia had been ahead of us, and proposed using it for a variety of their own; so, discomforted, but not dismayed, we have given up that idea for the present, and the world loses what was intended to be a greater than "the greatest show on earth." Failing in our marvelous design, we next bethought us of buying the entire contents of the main building and distributing among our invaluable readers; but here again our good intentions were beset by barriers, the sellers, with a strange obstinacy, refusing to permit us to fix our own price for the articles; and—that was the end of that! We next tried to secure the Corliss engine; but, as the good people of Providence claimed it as their own souvenir of the greatest fair the world has ever beheld, we did not insist upon the transfer, but quietly gave in to Providence, turned our attention in another direction, and bought one of the rolling chairs, also a real log from the hunters' camp in Landslown Ravine, and one of the original chairs Gen. Washington would have sat in for the last time, had he lived. Surely, our friends will be in a frenzy of joy to learn that we have, after many disappointments, secured these beautiful mementoes of the big show.....Dear friends, we should experience a feeling of ineffable delight could we prevail upon you to join with us in commemorating the peaceable termination of the late elections. The people had made such an outcry in advance, presaging the most dire results in the event of the success of either candidate, and causing the heretofore pure gutters of our city to run with crimson gore, that, whatever we started out to make our grand rounds of the theatres, we found ourself from truck to kelson, nautically speaking, and sent out "Our Jim" as a skirmisher to clear the streets of all suspicious characters. We mourned, bitterly mourned, to think that patriots should live to see such a sorry state of affairs. But glad are we to proceed that all is well; that the streets are not red with carnage; that not a hand was raised, except in exultation; and that not a single place of amusement was razed to the ground; all of which goes to show the stability of our institutions, and the virtue and patience of "a long-suffering people."

.....A trapeze in Juniata, Pennsylvania, has just captured his fourth bear this season. Now, we shall try to buy that fourth bear forthwith, and give it to the Central Park. These lavish expenditures of money are an evidence of better times, and an indication, likewise, that the President-elect intends to give us a lucrative office for our efforts in his behalf. This is gratitude..... Mr. Coup has kindly added several specimens of live sponges to his aquarium. We are glad of this. And yet why should we be? But let us not pursue the subject farther. A comical idea strikes us. Why are sponges and lemons so much alike? This is such a very difficult problem that we shall defer the publication of its solution until next week..... Owing to the persistency of women in wearing high-heeled hats when they go to places of amusement, we "mildly but firmly" suggest that hereafter no woman so covered shall be permitted to enter a theatre. There must be some limit to the recklessness of the sisterhood.....Tony Pastor always manages to raise a lively breeze at his Metropolitan Theatre, but last week he had a regular Gale there! [*Explanation*—Walter Gale, actor.—ED.].....Here is another remarkable occurrence, as we find it recorded in one of our exchanges: A mother and her daughter married brothers in Tuscaloosa, Ala., and the mother got the younger husband. Now, if we can secure this happy family —without regard to expense—we shall exhibit them as a sample of American domestic felicity and harmony in the Centennial year .....Jimmy, you had better put a drop of goose-grease on the machine, and pour forth a few choice lines about animal shows.

"I'm not a-feeling right smart to-day—I bet me money on the wrong man, and I'm sick." Well, you must try and work it off. Give her a turn:

ANIMAL SHOWS.

A hippodrome's a nicelish bird,
A kangaroo's a nicer;
But, for a first-class circus show,
A canvas-back's the wicer.
The crocodile, when off his feed,
Is an interesting thing;
But give to me the roaring breeze,
And a three-not d cataneuse.

"She's been betting on the wrong side, too, I guess, else her head isn't level to-day." The elections will have to be credited with more failures than they are entitled to by Jimmy's account. The drama of "Waiting for the Verdict" was cast to the full strength of the national company last week, with such assemblages of anxious audiences as had never been seen before at a political demonstration; the streets were thronged with the sovereigns of the Union, who made the very welkin ring with their outbursts of enthusiasm or groans of disappointment and despair, according to the "latest reliable news" from the scene of conflict. It was a trying week, the like of which we may ne'er look upon again. And these popular demonstrations in hotels and other public resorts were a serious detriment to the business of the theatres, which fell off to a grievous extent. We would take all of this current week to bring things down to their proper level, and to permit the theatrical machinery to work with its accustomed ease. And talking about long-faced people reminds us of something else, and that is that a long-nosed man might be termed the opposite of a long-faced man, for one is *the bold of feature*, and the other *the "folk" of Beecher!*.....And this reminds us that neither the Tabernacle nor Plymouth Church is to be converted into a theatre or a menagerie, no matter what *other* conversions may be contemplated at those places.....What, upon the subject of curiosities, we may be pardoned for reproducing the following card, which we picked up in the art department of the Centennial Exposition on the closing day. It certainly is a curiosity in its peculiar line:

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The Union-square is hard to beat—
It boasts its triumphs rare;
A *circle* of successes neat,
And yet its artists do the feat
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THE APPOINTED OFFICERS for the coming year of the B. P. O. Elks are as follows: Jacob Hatzel, Frank Girard and Henry P. O'Neil, finance committee; William A. Sanders, inner guard; and Col. T. Allston Brown, chaplain.

HARRY SHELDON, Sheehan and Jones, Jennie Hughes, Gilday and Giniven, and Eliza Long were the additions to the company at the Olympic Theatre on Nov. 6. Harry Sheldon's feats of juggling were deftly performed. Sheehan and Jones deserve commendation for their performances in the sketch entitled "The Life of a Shoemaker." Jennie Hughes received favorable recognition from the audience in her vocalisms. Gilday and Giniven proved to be good plantation song-and-dance men, and Eliza Long acted Lize in the closing sketch of "Around the City on Election Day" quite satisfactorily. Sam Devere continued to give his banjo-songs and witticisms, Fanny Beane among her specialties introduced a "Sneezing Song," Schoolcraft and Coes were seen in "Music vs. Elocution;" and Prof. Parker's dogs, songs by Mlle. Zitella, and Pete Lee in the sketch of "The Broadway Milliners" filled out the bill.

EDWIN BOOTH is to commence a season at the Lyceum Theatre Nov. 20, acting in "Hamlet."

NO CHANGE has been made in the programme at Kelly & Leon's Minstrels since our last report. "Ching-chow-hi" continues the chief attraction, and nightly elicits shouts of laughter.

THE AUSTIN BROTHERS, the Tudors, Willie Gaylord, the Richmond Sisters, Julia Wilson, Dan Thompson and Walter Gale were the fresh people at Tony Pastor's last week. The Austin Brothers are sharpshooters, who gave some astonishing feats of marksmanship. These included shooting at a target placed in the rear of the stage. The target, instead of a bull's eye, had an orifice about an inch in diameter and some six inches deep, through which the bullet had to pass in order to ring a bell attached to the back of the target. Between the marksman and the target, and directly in the line of fire, sat one of the brothers, and it was claimed that the top of his head was only one-half of an inch lower than the centre of the target. The bell was rung some half-a-dozen times without a miss being made. One of the brothers then shot a potato off the hand of the other, and subsequently a number of potatoes were placed successively upon the head of one brother, while the other fired at and hit them while holding his rifle in various positions—on the top of his own head, and inverted, and with his back to the mark, and getting his aim by gazing in a small mirror. Then one snuffed a candle held by the other, and shot the ashes off from a cigar which one was smoking. Their feats closed with each one shooting a potato from the head of the other, the shots being fired simultaneously. Loud and long-continued applause attested the success they had achieved. The Tudors—John and Amy—first sang a duet and then, after rapid changes of costume, Amie, attired as a country lass, sang a song and danced a Lancashire clog-dance; John gave "Silly Billy and His Father;" Annie was seen in a pedestal clog-dance, and together they closed their act with a double-clog dance, meeting with fair success. Willie Gaylord gave a series of contortion feats, which were characterized by grace and skill. The Richmond Sisters, clad in male attire of black satin, gave a number of songs-and-dances, which were liberally applauded. Julia Wilson sang ballads, and later acted Tot in "Joshua Whitcombe," in which Dan Thompson impersonated Uncle Josh, and Walter Gale, who made his first appearance there, Frederick Bailey. The drama of "Waiting for the Verdict" was cast to the full strength of the national company last week, with such assemblages of anxious audiences as had never been seen before at a political demonstration; the streets were thronged with the sovereigns of the Union, who made the very welkin ring with their outbursts of enthusiasm or groans of disappointment and despair, according to the "latest reliable news" from the scene of conflict. It was a trying week, the like of which we may ne'er look upon again. And these popular demonstrations in hotels and other public resorts were a serious detriment to the business of the theatres, which fell off to a grievous extent. We would take all of this current week to bring things down to their proper level, and to permit the theatrical machinery to work with its accustomed ease. And talking about long-faced people reminds us of something else, and that is that a long-nosed man might be termed the opposite of a long-faced man, for one is *the bold of feature*, and the other *the "folk" of Beecher!*.....And this reminds us that neither the Tabernacle nor Plymouth Church is to be converted into a theatre or a menagerie, no matter what *other* conversions may be contemplated at those places.....What, upon the subject of curiosities, we may be pardoned for reproducing the following card, which we picked up in the art department of the Centennial Exposition on the closing day. It certainly is a curiosity in its peculiar line:

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HURLEY AND MARR, George Atkins, E. D. Gooding, Prof. Donaldson, Edward Dillon and Harry Collins begin engagements at the Parisian Varieties Nov. 13.

THE "FOUR FOLKS" GARDEN the company last week included Emma Vern, Eunice Moore, Nellie Vincent and Gussie Leach, vocalists; Frank and Josie De Forrest in German musical sketches; Achilles Philion, juggler; Frank Bell, stump-orator; W. J. Mills, change artist; G. W. Hunter, Irish character vocalist; J. W. Sanford, clown; Frank Donaldson, pantomimist; Harry Hall, banjoist; and Delevanti, Alfredo and Dohm, gymnasts.

THE APPOINTED OFFICERS for the coming year of the B. P. O. Elks are as follows: Jacob Hatzel, Frank Girard and Henry P. O'Neil, finance committee; William A. Sanders, inner guard; and Col. T. Allston Brown, chaplain.

HARRY SHELDON, Sheehan and Jones, Jennie Hughes, Gilday and Giniven, and Eliza Long were the additions to the company at the Olympic Theatre on Nov. 6. Harry Sheldon's feats of juggling were deftly performed. Sheehan and Jones deserve commendation for their performances in the sketch entitled "The Life of a Shoemaker." Jennie Hughes received favorable recognition from the audience in her vocalisms. Gilday and Giniven proved to be good plantation song-and-dance men, and Eliza Long acted Lize in the closing sketch of "Around the City on Election Day" quite satisfactorily. Sam Devere continued to give his banjo-songs and witticisms, Fanny Beane among her specialties introduced a "Sneezing Song," Schoolcraft and Coes were seen in "Music vs. Elocution;" and Prof. Parker's dogs, songs by Mlle. Zitella, and Pete Lee in the sketch of "The Broadway Milliners" filled out the bill.

EDWIN BOOTH is to commence a season at the Lyceum Theatre Nov. 20, acting in "Hamlet."

NO CHANGE has been made in the programme at Kelly & Leon's Minstrels since our last report. "Ching-chow-hi" continues the chief attraction, and nightly elicits shouts of laughter.

MATTERS THEATRICAL in Cincinnati, O., are depicted as follows by our correspondent, dating Nov. 10: "At the Grand Opera-house the attraction this week has been 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' by the stock company, together with a band of colored jubilee singers in plantation and Sabbath-school melodies. Although put on in handsome style and excellently rendered, and, although the colored band in itself furnished a pleasant entertainment, the attendance has been very slender. But then the election excitement this week has been very intense and very prolonged. The noticeable performances in the drama were the Uncle Tom of J. K. Healy, one of the best ever seen here; the Topsy of Mrs. Price, and Eva of little Maud Lafayette. The other characters were played with uniform excellence by the company. Mr. Sothern will open as Lord Dundreary 13..... Furbish's Fifth-avenue Combination have left the boards at Wood's Theatre, giving 'Divorce' all this week, save Friday and Saturday evenings, when 'Mons. Alphonse' and 'Article 47' were performed respectively. The attendance, notwithstanding the election excitement, has been splendid. Of the renditions of the combination little can be said save in praise. Frank Evans, the new leading man of the combination, has made a good impression on this his first visit to this city, and the same remark will apply to Miss Henrietta Irving, who has taken Georgie Langley's place in the troupe. The other members of the company are too well known to need further mention. The putting-on of the plays has been on an elegant scale. The combination remains but the week. 13 come Augusta Dargon and combination in 'Queen Mary.' .....The veteran actor James E. Murdoch has removed from his country home at Murdoch, O., to Avondale, one of Cincinnati's suburbs. Mr. Murdoch is often importuned by managers to re-enter upon the stage, but he fears that he lacks the physical strength, and therefore declines."

IN ST. LOUIS, Mo., the election excitement has had a rather depressing influence on things theatrical, and under the circumstances the business done at the different places of amusement is considered good. Our correspondent Nov. 10, continuing: "Oliver Doud Byron was unable to appear at the Opera-house on the 6th, owing to an accident to the train; so the stock company presented 'The Two Orphans,' and the few who remained in the theatre after the above announcement was made were amply repaid for so doing. On the 7th Mr. Byron made his appearance as Joe Ferris in 'Across the Continent,' and was accorded a hearty welcome. O. W. Blake as John O'Dwyer shared the honors with the star; Percy Plunkett was very good in the Ethiopian character of Cæsar Augustus; Charles Krone and J. F. Stevens as John Adderley and Giovanni, respectively, did well; and Ada Ince as Maud Sherwood was correct as Delore. 'Hero' was given 8, 9, but that play did not go off well. To-night (10) the bill will be 'Plenty of Money,' and the same will close the engagement. The Strakosch Italian-opera Troupe begin a brief season 13, and Rose Eytinge will probably follow....... 'Kit the Arkansas Traveler' by S. Chanfrau, and in his well-known characterization of the title role, held the boards at the Olympic the entire week, and was witnessed by good-sized audiences. The two beats were well done by Ferd Hight and Harry Harwood, although the latter gentleman's make-up for the 'Mountain Boy' was not quite correct. Miss Cæsar Smith of Charles Plunkett was a good piece of character acting. Frank Weston made an admirable Manuel Bond. W. D. Turner as Bart, and D. G. Loan as Frau Pedders, played their small parts well. Carl Ahrendt as Wash Stubbs was good, as was L. R. Weaver as Lord Pitsfold; but Horace Weston, as the part of Jerry Sleepers justice. Rose Osborn, Libbie Noxon, and Marion Clifton did good service. Next (this) week 'The Octoroon' and 'Sam' will be given. The Florences open 20. .....Florence Chase, leading lady at the Opera-house, took her first benefit on Nov. 4, appearing as Henriette in "The Two Orphans." The audience was very large, and after the performance the beneficiary was presented with a handsome gold chain and locket, the gift of the company. The lady has made many friends, and is deserving of all the compliments they bestow upon her. Treasurer George Jones' annual benefit takes place 18. The various members of the company will then make up a strong situation, woven deftly together into an every-day-life sort of drama, and one that Miss Eytinge will be pretty certain to achieve success in. Her presence in the first act was so natural, her action so graceful, and her ways were so naive, that she caught the sympathy of her audience from the first; and later in more exciting scenes, when Hadley and Miss Lillian B. Norton, vocalists, as the solo performers.....C. A. Chizzola and Miss Emily Soldene and her English opera-bouffe company arrived from England Nov. 11 by the City of Berlin..... Mme. Annette Essipoff, the Russian pianiste, makes her first appearance in America at Steinway Hall on Nov. 20.

MRS. KATE E. KENNY, the wife of James C. Kenny, leader of the orchestra at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, died of consumption Nov. 10, at the age of 23 years and 9 months. She was a sister of John Chatterson the tenor, now singing in Torcoco, Italy, and was also a child that herself been a member of the Holman Opera Troupe. She was a native of this city. Besides her husband, she left a boy three months old. Her funeral took place from her late residence, 115 West 28th street, on Sunday last, and was attended by the entire orchestra at the Fifth-avenue Theatre. Her remains were interred in Maple Pond Cemetery.

ADA SANBORN, Alice Grey, Herr Schlamm, Frankie Howard, Maranda and Lotta, Sam Long, Reynolds and Carroll, and Eva Sinclair are the new arrivals at the Volks' Garden Nov. 13. Variety talent is advertised for.

DRAMATIC.

Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a LIGHT BLUE COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the seal of the office, and date of Sept. 4, 1876, affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our behalf. Managers will save them

THE ADELPHI, Chicago, Ill., has presented an admirable bill in the entertainments given by the Grimaldi Adams Pantomime Company. The pantomime was well cast, mounted, and spiced with capital tricks. The variety specialties introduced were all excellent, and consisted of the vocalisms of the Misses Ella Mayo and Josephine Shanley and Frank Lewis, the juggling of Mons. Geroux and Mlle. Adelina, the songs-and-dances of the Collins Brothers, the stilt-act of Grimaldi Adams, and the four Russian Athletes in their wonderful performances on the balancing ladders and pole. Owing to their baggage going to Denver, Col., through a mistake of the railway company, they were unable to appear till Thursday evening. The Grimaldi Adams party appear in Elgin, Ill., 13, 14, Racine, Wis., 15, 16, Milwaukee 12 to 18. Of the variety people remaining at the Adelphi during next (this) week there are Ella Mayo, Frank Lewis, and the Russian Athletes. Josephine Shanley leaves, destination unknown. Oliver Doud Byron is the only new arrival, opening in his new piece, "Plenty of Money, or Sentenced to Death."..... At the Colliseum, an acceptable programme has been given, and a good business done. Emerson and Clark were retained a second week. Miss Belle Remick in "Expiation," supported by the company, was excellent. Searls, Boggs and Haney and George Sloman, as well as Francois in his juggling and "Punch and Judy" act, were successful, and John Manning on the trapeze made a hit. The departures with the week are Fostelle and Belle Remick to St. Louis; Ophelia Starr, to Washington; Turner Brothers, to Cincinnati; Wm. Devere and Ella Arnold and John Manning to Grand Rapids, Mich.; Emerson and Clark, to Detroit; and Geo. Sloman, destination unknown. Coming 13: The Vaidis Twin Sisters, Master Tommy Fish, the Willis Sisters, Guy Linton and Lucy Adams, Nell Burgess, Harry Thorne and the La Rue Family..... The concan was given rather mildly at the Academy, and the attendance was, in consequence, rather light after the first night. The olio was the best yet given by this party. They depart with the week, opening at Terre Haute, Ind., 13, Evansville 14, Nashville, Tenn., 15, 16, 17, 18, Memphis one week, beginning 20, New Orleans 27, for two weeks. Advices of Nov. 11.

THE NEW ARRIVALS at the Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va., Nov. 6, were Kitty Sanford, who shows decided improvement since her last engagement, and Fannie May, serio-comic, who has been favorably received. Mattie Bliss has for a third time disappointed Manager Putnam, the last time without any excuse, and is still playing in Norfolk. The company at present is quite strong, twelve appearing in the first-part, with Harry Fox as interlocutor and Charley Morris and Ryan on the ends. Owing to political excitement, business has not been so good as before. No announcements for the coming week.

MATT MORGAN'S NOVELTY COMPANY appeared in Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 10, 11.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Albany, N. Y., is to be opened Nov. 13 under the management of John J. Kirkpatrick, a gentleman who formerly acted at this house in the same capacity. The opening company includes Cummings and Hines, Fred Sharpley, Jas. A. Kelly, De Witt Cooke, Willis Pickert, Ada Lynwood, May Marshall, Georgie May, La Petite Florence. James A. Browne will officiate as treasurer Henry Freedenthrer will lead the orchestra, and Henry Howard will be doortender.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., the programme for the past week opened with the farce of "Sarah's Sweetheart," and concluded with the two-act drama entitled "The Factory Girl," a version of "All that Glitters is Not Gold." In the olio Giovanni gave a solo on the musical goblets, Alicia Jourdan appeared in male impersonations, a troupe of trained canaries were introduced by Giovanni, a budget of Irish songs sung by William Wylie, songs-and-dances were given by the Ainsley serio-comic vocalisms by Kate Castleton, T. M. Heagler in his specialty of "The Merry Minstrel," and the Cawthorne Children—Master Herbert and Little Joe—in their act of "The Irish and Dutch Emigrants." These little performers, since last seen here, have much improved. Business good.

THE MENDELS are to commence an engagement at Thompson's Varieties, Dallas, Texas, Nov. 13.

AT THE COMIQUE, Williamsburg, L. I., the company for this week includes the Big Four, Harry Spriggs, Hattie and Gildden, Prof. Allen, Lee Edwards, J. J. Riely, John Delafield, Carrie Wilson, Minnie Dewitt, Rose Francis, Annie Hart, Annie Cassius, Addie Wilson, F. M. Wills and James E. Carton.

THE ORCHESTRION HALL, Detroit, Mich., has finally come into the hands of Fred McAvoy and Ned West, who have been the business and stage-managers since its opening. They have now leased it for a term of years. It is the only variety theatre in the city that is patronized by ladies. On Nov. 6 the following came: Niles and Evans, first-class song-and-dance men; the Simpson Sisters, serio-comics, with soprano and alto voices that blend nicely together; and Master Eugene, a daring young gymnast. Harry Thorne and Neil Burgess close 11 for Chicago, to open the 13th instant at the Adelphi. Leland and James Carle.....At the Theatre Comique, on the 6th, Gussi McCain, a fair vocalist, and Joe Goss and Steve Taylor, boxers, appeared. Closing 11 are Clara Moore, for Toledo; Fannie and Jeppe Delano, for Indianapolis. Coming the 13th are Sullivan and Burke and Edna Markley. Advices of Nov. 11.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., there was a considerable falling-off in the attendance during the past week, owing to the excitement incident to the election. The new faces Nov. 6 were Kate Hastings, Diplolo, Hopkins and Hughes; Blanche Selwyn in male character songs; Ben Guilfoil in burlesque songs and eccentricities; Crossley and Elder in athletic field-sports; and Harry and Lizzie Braham in their clever musical sketches. The departures Nov. 11 were Karl Lind, no engagement; Crossley and Elder, to Newark, N. J.; Ben Guilfoil and Blanche Selwyn, to the Park, Brooklyn; the Brahams and Eloise Allen, to New York. The announcements for Nov. 13 are Kate Rance, Nellie St. John, Bryant and Williams, Hugh Fay and Adele Leonard.

THE NEW PEOPLE at Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J., Nov. 6, were Harper and Stanley, one-legged song-and-dance; Annie Braddon, serio-comic; James Roonie, banjoist and comedian, an old favorite; Kitty McDermot, a very fine jig-dancer; and Henry Vitorelli and Master Eldon, double-trapeze specialties. John Wingfield, who was announced, did not come, owing to sickness. Departures 11: Norah Campbell, to Brooklyn; Nellie St. John, Washington, D. C.; Harper and Stanley, and Henry Vitorelli, Master Eldon and Annie Braddon, destination unknown. Billed for 13: Annie De Vere, De Vere and Russell, Donohue and Hall, W. J. Mills, Emma Clifford and Decking and Mlle. Olympia. Business good.....At the Metropolitan a fine business was done the past week. The fresh appearances Nov. 6 were Ada Stanwood, balladist; the Snow Brothers—Ben, Louis and Fred—acrobats, who did as fine an act as has ever been seen at this place, and, later, hat-throwing and performing dogs; Ione Lang, vocalist: John Williams, Lancashire cloggist, who won well-deserved applause; and the Big 4—Lester, Allen, Waldron and Smith—who proved the card of the week, their several acts eliciting the wildest enthusiasm. Closures 11: The Big 4, to Williamsburg, N. Y.; Fred and Emily Seigle, John Williams and Ione Lang, to New York; Lizzie Mulvey, Hartford; and Ada Stanwood, Brooklyn. Announced for 13: Lurline the Water-queen, Ned and Willie Ainsley, Crossley and Elder, John and Annie Tudor, and Wash Norton..... Central Varieties. Business good. Departures 11: Fred Sharpley, to Albany; the Davenport Sisters, New York. To open 13: Emma Moore, Gussie Williams and Bella Cushing..... The Sheridan & Mack Company gave a good show to a fair house Nov. 9. Lester of Nov. 11.

LARGE AUDIENCES continue to be attracted to the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I. The new people Nov. 6 were Kirk and Drew, song-and-dance, who rank among the best who have ever appeared here; Lew and Pauline Parker, two old favorites, who never appeared to better advantage; Barney Ferguson, who is much more of a success in his Irish sketches than as a negro performer; Bob Butler, pantomimist, who is too well and favorably known to call for any words of praise; and James Mass and Cassie Drayton, popular sketch artists. The only departure 11 was Barney Ferguson, who is engaged at the Boylston Museum, Boston. Johnny Reilly opens 13.

THE COMPANY now playing at Achison's Washington Street Variety, Memphis, Tenn., consists of Ella Stone, Viola Wray, Ada Wallace, La Pauline, Minnie Herndon, George Wild, Joel Davidson, Chas. McCasin and Marsh Adams. Minnie Herndon and Charles McCaslin opened Nov. 6. The former is a pleasing singer. McCaslin, an old favorite here, is a clever delineator. The new faces to appear 13 are Teddy O'Brien, and Johnny Fisher. George Wild closes 13, and goes to take charge of the stage at the Varieties in Little Rock, Ark.

AT the GRAND CENTRAL and Adelphi Theatres, Galveston, Texas, there were no arrivals or departures during the past week. Business at both places continues fair.

GUS PETERS, Dutch specialty artist, and lately stage-manager at the New California Theatre, Chicago, Ill., is seriously ill in that city.

LILLIAN FORREST, serio-comic, began an engagement at Tooker's Varieties, Norfolk, Va., Nov. 8. Kitty Smith is billed for 13. Harry Woodson is to close 17, going to New York.

MISS MARIAN MORDAUNT is to play during the week beginning Nov. 27 at the Adelphi Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., and at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., for a like period, commencing Dec. 4.

THE DALY BROTHERS in their clever acrobatic songs-and-dances and quadrille clog-dances were the new faces at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, during the week ending Nov. 11, and they made a great hit. The attendance has been large. Miss Emma Travis opens here Nov. 13.

AT NOONAN'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, Minnie Lonsdale opened on the 6th inst. Business continues good at this establishment. The new faces on the 13th inst. are Ada Lee and Frank Gayton. Nov. 11 Annie Clair, Jeannette Lewis and Johnny Ray closed. Variety talent is wanted, as per advertisement.

THE NEW FACES at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, on the 6th inst. were Flora Howard in vocalisms, Arthur G. Johnson in Dutch specialties, and the Antonio Sisters in songs-and-dances. Kearney and Mavan open here on the 13th inst. The attendance has been good.

AT STEWART'S NOVELTY THEATRE, Philadelphia, the attendance has been fair during the past week. Harry Clifford, Lottie Grant and Matt Green open Nov. 13. Fattie Stewart is to have a complimentary benefit Nov. 17.

JAMES SHEERAN, Irish vocalist and dancer, and Lydia Sheeran, serio-comic vocalist, advertise that they can be engaged.

PERFORMERS are wanted at Glasser's Vaudeville Theatre, Cleveland, O. Address the proprietor, as per advertisement.

MINNIE RAINFORTH was granted a decree of divorce from her husband, Will C. Burton, sonave drillist, in the Circuit Court, Detroit, Mich., on Oct. 27.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL VARIETY THEATER, Philadelphia, the attendance continued large during the week ending Nov. 11, the fresh features of the programme being the songs-and-dances of Shafer and Slevin, the capital operatic vocalism of Miss Blanche Correlli; Harris and Carroll in their specialty of "The Old Slave's Return," concluding with the drama of "Life and Death," in which Harry Clifford satisfactorily personated Tim Flynn of Virginia. The new arrivals announced for the 13th inst. are George S. Knight, Billy Hart, Kelly and Ryan, Mlle. Elise and Martello Wando.

AT TAMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburg, Pa., the new faces last week were Hank Mudge in a good song-and-dance, James Gaynor in banjo specialties, and then both appeared in a negro act, which was funny and took well. Maria Sherman and Barry Durrell in serio-comic songs were good. The Morosco Family in posturing and tumbling were fine, and Tim Rogers in Irish songs-and-dances was good. Myles Morris, G. W. Herman, H. W. Williams and Lucy Clifton appeared in the concluding piece, "The Drunkard's Dream." Commencing Monday, Nov. 13: The Dykanas, Clark Brothers and Walter Senn.

AT THE HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., there was an entire change of programme last week, with Miss Kate Rance as the dramatic star. Clark Gibbs, Hugh Fay and G. W. Mitchell created a great deal of amusement in a negro act entitled "Inside and Outside," which was followed by De Witt Cook in his Indian-club exercises. Scanlon and Cronin in their sketch entitled "Life in a Tenement-house" kept the audience well amused. Marie Whittingham and Master Newman met with favor in their songs. Lurline the Water-queen finished the olio, which was followed by "The Revolt of the Commune," with Kate Rance in the leading role of Philomel the Petroleuse. O. B. Collins, her chief support, played Antoine in a satisfactory manner, and the rest of the characters were well sustained. Business moderate. Departures: Hugh Fay, to Washington; De Witt Cook, Maria Whittingham and Master Newman, destination unknown; Lurline, to Newark, N. J.; and Kate Rance, to Washington. Arrivals for Nov. 13: Charles Foster, the Miaco Combination, Baby Bindley and George Thatcher.....At the New Central Theatre a good bill was offered, but the election excitement had a telling effect on the attendance. Miss Lizzie Barrett in her budget of songs, and the Sharpleys—Fred and Master Charley—as the musical contrabands were pleasing. Emma Bretto sang merio-cenic songs. Dick Gorman's German dialect made a hit. He will be retained for the season. The Irwin Sisters, who have found so much favor with the patrons of this house by their singing, will also remain. James W. Sharpley, concert-saloon soloist, gave much satisfaction. The performances concluded with "The Texan Rangers," with Kit Carson Jr. in the title-role, supported by G. B. Radcliffe, Frank Harrington, Carrie Harding, and others. Departures Nov. 11: Emma Bretto, destination unknown; Kit Carson Jr., to Cincinnati, O. Billed for 13: Milton Nobles and the Clarence Sisters. Charles Howard, stage-manager, who has been suffering with rheumatism for the past few weeks, has put in an appearance.....At the Odeon Varieties a satisfactory performance was given to good houses. One of the features was the Odeon Quintet, which made a hit. The people closing Nov. 11 were Adele Leonard and Bryant and Williams, to Washington, D. C.; Emma Clifford and Frank and Eva Bennett, to New York. Arrivals announced for 13 are to be Glenn and Williams, Blanche Roselle, Joe Mack, Agnes May, and Neosko lets. Correspondence dated Nov. 9.

VARIETY INTELLIGENCE from Cincinnati, O., to Nov. 10 is given as appended by our correspondent: "The election excitement this week has injured business materially at the 'over the Rhine' halls, save, perhaps, Heinck's, where the attendance has been large. Clara Belmont, a pleasing operatic vocalist, and Green and Taylor, very clever exponents of the acrobatic style of song-and-dance, were the new people. The Boissett Family have a benefit this evening. Departures 11: Boissetts, to Toledo; Green and Taylor, to Cleveland; Master Tommy Fish, to New York; Charles A. Gardner and Alfred Liston, to St. Louis. The Pesaleys are re-engaged. To open 13: Dunbar and Ashton, Tommy Turner, and the Turner Brothers. Andrew Brandt has become leader of orchestra at this establishment.....There were no new appearances at Shickling's Hall this week. The Arnold Brothers took a benefit 10, the entertainment closing with a ball. No departures tomorrow. The Gardners—Ida and Billy—commence 11; Parker Sisters are announced for 13. Underlined: Snow Brothers, Jeppe and Fanny Delano, and John La Clair. A rousing feature of the programme at the past week has been a "Grand Mosaic Jubilee," by Eagan and Hodges, introducing a full brass band.....At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances were Petrie and Fish, La Verde Sisters, and Sheppard and Whitney. Petrie and Fish are acrobatic song-and-dance men, and Sheppard and Whitney do plantation songs-and-dances, both very fairly. Lilly and Minnie La Verde took well in musical sketches, they being pretty little misses of apparently about thirteen and eight years of age. Belle La Verde appeared with success in serio-comic vocalisms. The departures 11 will be Murphy and Shannon for Cleveland, and Mme. Devorett's Statue Combination. Sidney C. France in 'Marked for Life,' and the Parker Sisters open 12. The Kit Carson Combination begin 19. Business fair.....At Lowen Garden Theatre, Sullivan and Green's song-and-dance, and the Harrison Sisters, child-sketch artists, began 6 .....No changes reported at Eldorado or Adelphia Halls .....Mrs. Emma Libby Dowling presented her liege on the 6th inst. with a nine-pound daughter.....Manager Hyams of the National had a benefit tonight, and was surprised by the presentation, from the company and employes of the theatre, of a beautiful gold watch."

ARTISTS OF ABILITY, especially lady performers desiring engagements at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, Pa., are requested to address as per advertisement.

NILES AND EVANS, specialty artists and comedians, now performing at Orchestrion Hall, Detroit, Mich., are highly recommended by J. H. Haverly, manager of the Adelphi Theatre, Chicago, Ill., where they recently played a two weeks' engagement. They open at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, O., Nov. 20.

THE MOROSCO FAMILY publish a statement in our business department, explaining why they performed only one night at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich.

MCEVOY'S HIBERNICA did not open in St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 6, as was stated in the miscellaneous department of last week's CLIPPER on information received from John E. Healy, manager and proprietor.

THE ONLY FRESH ARRIVAL at the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 5, was Miss Nully Pieris, whose singing of operatic selections was deservingly applauded. James Mass and Cassie Crayton were billed, but did not appear. Business has been very good. Closing 11: Manchester and Jennings, to Louisville, Ky.; Victoria Reynolds, Indianapolis, Ind.; Zanfretta Pantomime Troupe, Galveston, Texas. To open 13: Frank Gibbons, Fostelle, Belle Remick, Viola Clifton, Homer and Holly..... The only addition to the company at the Varieties was a clog-dancer whose name we could not ascertain. Nothing announced.....Lizzie Florence took a benefit at Looney's Nov. 9, when she appeared as Evelyn in the cancan. Millie Bassoine and the Cooper Brothers open 12. Advices of Nov. 10.

AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, Mass., "Sinbad the Sailor" has been the principal attraction, with Marie Bates in the title-role, and W. B. Cahill as the prime mover of fun, the performances closing with a comic harlequinade, with Maffit as clown, N. D. Jones as Pantaloon, Louise Boshell as Harlequin, and Julia Melville as Columbine. The performance opened with the "Laughing Hyena," and in the variety department were seen John Reilly in his Irish specialties; Harry and John Kernell in North-of-Ireland songs and sketches; the St. Felix Sisters in their pretty quartet songs-and-dances; W. H. Morton with motto songs; Dan and Ryan as "The Bards of Tara;" Jenny Engle in serio comic songs; George S. Knight; the Yeaman Sisters; and Louise Boshell's performance on the floating wire. John Braham was to give a concert there Sunday night, Nov. 12..... At the Boylston Museum the new arrivals last week were Fanny Reynolds, the Miapy Family, John D. Griffin, Carroll and Barry, Ralph Kelly, George Cary, and Williams and McCarty. Next week Yankee Locke appears. Wong Chin Foo was to lecture there Sunday night.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Providence, R. I., will be opened Dec. 4 by Archie Stalker, late of the Theatre Comique, that city, and first-class artists are requested to apply for engagements as per advertisement. Mr. Stalker will be in this city Nov. 16.

LADY ARTISTS desiring engagements at Gilmore's Garden Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., are referred to Thomas Brown's card.

HEYWOOD BROS.' COMBINATION will appear in New Britain, Ct., Nov. 16, West Meriden 17, New Haven 18, Bridgeport 20, Norwalk 21, Danbury 22, Stamford 23, Newark, N. J., 24.

MATT MORGAN'S New York Novelty Company and Tableau Entertainment appeared in Syracuse, N. Y., at Wieting Opera-house, Nov. 7 and 8; but, owing to the excitement over election returns, the attendance on both evenings was quite small. The programme was arranged in a most excellent manner, opening with the farce of "The French Dancing-master," which was given in fine style. Quilter and Goldrich were excellent. Miss Ida Morris, a pretty little song-and-dance lady, was very pleasing. Matt Hughes met with a fair success. The dancing philosopher was also good, and received a fair share of applause. Matt Morgan also appeared. They were at Auburn 9, Rochester 10, 11, and show at Canandaigua 13, Elmira 14, 15, Batavia 16, and Buffalo 17, 18.

BARNEY FERGUSON, Irish comedian and clog-dancer, who has just closed an engagement at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., is now performing at the Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass.

MAGGIE WEEKS, impersonator of genteel male character parts, is open for engagements, and can be addressed care of this office.

"IRISH MANAGER" would like to engage a comedian and character artist. He advertises that he would like to hear from John T. Kelly.

PERFORMERS are wanted at Noonan's Varieties, Philadelphia, Pa. See advertisement.

A FINE BILL was presented at Barton's Opera-house, Syracuse, N. Y., during the past week, but owing to the excitement over election returns the houses were only fair. Kittie Gardner appeared in sentimental and comic melodies, and proved an attractive card. Mollie De Mar and Annie Woods were also good in their business. John H. Emerson as the musical moke and black magician, and Eugene Blitz, ventriloquist, were also favorites. Departure 11: Prof. Neil Smith, to Buffalo. Arrivals 13: King Sarbro and Miss Minnie Gray.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Terre Haute, Ind., during the past week, a good bill was given, and business was very fair. Daisy Ramington was the only arrival. Departures: the Homers, to Cincinnati; Frankie Sydney, to Indianapolis; and Harry and Emma Evans, to Dayton.

AT THE ADELPHI, Hartford, Ct., a good bill was presented to large audiences the past week, the fresh attractions Nov. 6 being the Barlow Bros. in a double jig, which was remarkable for variety of steps and execution; Mabel Pearl and Annie Hall, vocalists of merit; Nellie Thorn, a pleasing serio-comic; and Carrie Boshell in songs-and-dances. The election returns, which were announced from the stage each evening since election, proved not the least attractive feature. The closing people 11 were Hughey Haggerty and Nellie Thorn, who go to New York, and Erwin Thomas, to Boston. The announcements for 13 are Lizzie Mulvey, John Pendy and Signor Ferni. E. Rosenbaum severed his connection with this theatre the past week to accept the position of general agent for E. S. Washburn.

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HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS are to give one performance at Masonic Temple, Louisville, Ky., Nov. 15, whence they will go to Bowling Green 16, Clarksville, Tenn., 17, Nashville 18.

CALLENDER'S MINSTRELS are to open at their old headquarters in Brooklyn, L. I., for a Winter season Nov. 22. The company will include, among others, Billy Rice, Fayette Welsh, Cool White, J. K. Campbell, E. T. Tyrrell, Arthur Cook, D. Barron, and Little Mac.

THE RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS are billed to show in Vicksburg, Miss., Nov. 13, 14, Jackson 15, Memphis, Tenn., 16, 17, 18, Holly Springs, Miss., 20, Jackson, Tenn., 21, Cairo, Ill., 22, Paducah, Ky., 23, Henderson 24, Owensburg 25.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS were in Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and are to begin a season in Louisville, Ky., 13.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS, at the Eleventh-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, have been well patronized during the week ending Nov. 11. Frank Cushman closed there on the last-mentioned date. Tommy Dutton made his first appearance there this season on the 13th inst, when an entire change of programme will be given.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS are to perform in Dallas, Texas, Nov. 17, 18, Sherman 20, Denison 21, Parsons, Kas., 22, Fort Scott 23, Sedalia, Mo., 24, 25.

THE COMMONWEALTH MINSTRELS take the road from Achtabula, O., Nov. 15, going South. A. J. Bancroft is manager, and A. D. Gates advance agent.

CIRCUSES.

ANN E. LEAK the armless woman, who has been traveling with the sideshow connected with Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s Circus in California, and returning with much success, will accompany the show to Australia, sailing from San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 8.

THE PULLMAN BROTHERS, who had the privileges with Adam Forepaugh's Circus the past season, were in New York Nov. 7, and left for Buffalo, where they will pass the Winter.

SALE OF CIRCUS PROPERTY.—A portion of the stock of Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s Circus was recently sold by auction in San Francisco, Cal., realizing about $20,000, and the prices obtained were generally considered fair. Sixty-five draught horses were sold at prices ranging from $100 each. The ring horse brought $310; her companion, $180; and pairs sold at $480, $325, and $350. Six Shetland ponies sold at low figures, $70 being the highest sum given for any of the lot. Ten mules brought $1,800. The sacred cow and calf brought $70.50. A lynx sold for $5, and a cage of paroquets for $2.50. The Abyssinian boar realized $35. The camels sold slowly at from $20 to $47.50. Betsy, the Cingalese elephant, standing about eleven feet high and said to be 70 years old, was sold to Adam Forepaugh of Philadelphia for $4,000.

THE MILTON JASPERS, gymnasts' and acrobats, left San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 30, having closed the season with Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s Circus to join W. W. Cole's Circus in Helena, Ark., Nov. 10, for the Winter season.

WM. J. METCHER offers to lease or otherwise dispose of circus property, mentioned in his card elsewhere. He would especially like to hear from those who have written before in regard to this property.

THE PARISIAN TROUPE at Ocetti's Tropical Garden, Philadelphia, Pa., are requested to address as per advertisement.

NILES AND EVANS, specialty artists and comedians, now performing at Orchestrion Hall, Detroit, Mich., are highly recommended by J. H. Haverly, manager of the Adelphi Theatre, Chicago, Ill., where they recently played a two weeks' engagement. They open at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, O., Nov. 20.

THE MOROSCO FAMILY publish a statement in our business department, explaining why they performed only one night at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich.

MCEVOY'S HIBERNICA did not open in St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 6, as was stated in the miscellaneous department of last week's CLIPPER on information received from John E. Healy, manager and proprietor.

THE ONLY FRESH ARRIVAL at the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 5, was Miss Nully Pieris, whose singing of operatic selections was deservingly applauded. James Mass and Cassie Crayton were billed, but did not appear. Business has been very good. Closing 11: Manchester and Jennings, to Louisville, Ky.; Victoria Reynolds, Indianapolis, Ind.; Zanfretta Pantomime Troupe, Galveston, Texas. To open 13: Frank Gibbons, Fostelle, Belle Remick, Viola Clifton, Homer and Holly..... The only addition to the company at the Varieties was a clog-dancer whose name we could not ascertain. Nothing announced.....Lizzie Florence took a benefit at Looney's Nov. 9, when she appeared as Evelyn in the cancan. Millie Bassoine and the Cooper Brothers open 12. Advices of Nov. 10.

AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, Mass., "Sinbad the Sailor" has been the principal attraction, with Marie Bates in the title-role, and W. B. Cahill as the prime mover of fun, the performances closing with a comic harlequinade, with Maffit as clown, N. D. Jones as Pantaloon, Louise Boshell as Harlequin, and Julia Melville as Columbine. The performance opened with the "Laughing Hyena," and in the variety department were seen John Reilly in his Irish specialties; Harry and John Kernell in North-of-Ireland songs and sketches; the St. Felix Sisters in their pretty quartet songs-and-dances; W. H. Morton with motto songs; Dan and Ryan as "The Bards of Tara;" Jenny Engle in serio comic songs; George S. Knight; the Yeaman Sisters; and Louise Boshell's performance on the floating wire. John Braham was to give a concert there Sunday night, Nov. 12..... At the Boylston Museum the new arrivals last week were Fanny Reynolds, the Miapy Family, John D. Griffin, Carroll and Barry, Ralph Kelly, George Cary, and Williams and McCarty. Next week Yankee Locke appears. Wong Chin Foo was to lecture there Sunday night.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Providence, R. I., will be opened Dec. 4 by Archie Stalker, late of the Theatre Comique, that city, and first-class artists are requested to apply for engagements as per advertisement. Mr. Stalker will be in this city Nov. 16.

LADY ARTISTS desiring engagements at Gilmore's Garden Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., are referred to Thomas Brown's card.

HEYWOOD BROS.' COMBINATION will appear in New Britain, Ct., Nov. 16, West Meriden 17, New Haven 18, Bridgeport 20, Norwalk 21, Danbury 22, Stamford 23, Newark, N. J., 24.

MATT MORGAN'S New York Novelty Company and Tableau Entertainment appeared in Syracuse, N. Y., at Wieting Opera-house, Nov. 7 and 8; but, owing to the excitement over election returns, the attendance on both evenings was quite small. The programme was arranged in a most excellent manner, opening with the farce of "The French Dancing-master," which was given in fine style. Quilter and Goldrich were excellent. Miss Ida Morris, a pretty little song-and-dance lady, was very pleasing. Matt Hughes met with a fair success. The dancing philosopher was also good, and received a fair share of applause. Matt Morgan also appeared. They were at Auburn 9, Rochester 10, 11, and show at Canandaigua 13, Elmira 14, 15, Batavia 16, and Buffalo 17, 18.

BARNEY FERGUSON, Irish comedian and clog-dancer, who has just closed an engagement at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., is now performing at the Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass.

MAGGIE WEEKS, impersonator of genteel male character parts, is open for engagements, and can be addressed care of this office.

"IRISH MANAGER" would like to engage a comedian and character artist. He advertises that he would like to hear from John T. Kelly.

PERFORMERS are wanted at Noonan's Varieties, Philadelphia, Pa. See advertisement.

A FINE BILL was presented at Barton's Opera-house, Syracuse, N. Y., during the past week, but owing to the excitement over election returns the houses were only fair. Kittie Gardner appeared in sentimental and comic melodies, and proved an attractive card. Mollie De Mar and Annie Woods were also good in their business. John H. Emerson as the musical moke and black magician, and Eugene Blitz, ventriloquist, were also favorites. Departure 11: Prof. Neil Smith, to Buffalo. Arrivals 13: King Sarbro and Miss Minnie Gray.

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To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents is made from each yearly subscription.

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Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news department, 50 cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance. FRANK QUEEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1877.

THE ALMANAC FOR 1877, which we are now compiling, will contain all the special features of its predecessors, with a very readable collection of sketches, poems and short stories, profusely illustrated.

THE CLIPPER TIME-TABLE, published annually in the Almanac, will be corrected and carefully revised, so as to be a reliable record to the end of the present year of fastest time in horse-racing, trotting, pacing, hurdle-racing, steeplechasing, rowing, running, walking, snow-shoe racing, ice-boating, swimming, skating, bicycle-riding, and by fire-engines and hose companies, ocean and river steamers, and locomotives; and it will also contain the best records of jumping, lifting, the prize-ring, rattling, ball-throwing, cricket, billiards, rifle-shooting, skittles, glazing, trap-shooting, type-setting, bricklaying, etc.

THE ALMANAC will also contain a

Chronicle of Important Theatrical Events for the Year 1876,

Chronology of Sporting Events Occurring in 1876,

Astronomical Information for the Year,

and numerous other special and miscellaneous features that will make it a most acceptable annual and insure it a large circulation.

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QUARTER OF A PAGE	10
A SPACE OF 25x31 EMS AGATE	5

Advertisers are requested to send in their favors as early as convenient.

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Publisher and Proprietor,
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1. "THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE."
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5. "FERREOL."
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We also have a magnificent play for a leading man, one for strong, emotional actress, and one for eccentric comedian. All foreign successes.
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A SOLO B-FLAT CORNET-PLAYER can be engaged by traveling troupes or stationery varieties; has played in the leading bands; can transpose and read at sight; late of Ward's Opera-house, Fall River, Mass. First-class reference given.
Address THOS. J. BREMEN,
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This is a new hall, facing the Park, located on three streets, and is one of the best halls in New England. Will seat 1,500. Large and commodious stage, with all modern improvements and a full set of scenery. Brilliantly lighted with gas, and furnished with every convenience to make it first-class. Thirty per cent. reduction from last year's prices. For dates and particulars address
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Or J. G. H. SHOREY, Biltposter, Box 1,275. 27-13t*

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for rent, by the night, week, or on percentage, to first-class companies and combinations only. It is beautifully frescoed, has first-class stage, scenery and dressing-rooms, is seated with opera chairs, heated with steam, and lighted with gas. The nicest little house in the State. Capacity, 500. Address PAUL'S OPERA-HOUSE,
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TO MANAGERS.—IN MAKING out routes for Southern tours, managers will find it to their advantage to correspond with REAY CAMPBELL, Gen. Pass. Agent Montgomery and Eufaula R. R., Montgomery, Ala., for information as to rates, schedules, etc., between Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans or Mobile, and Montgomery, Columbus, Macon, Eufaula, Atlanta, and Savannah. All letters cheerfully and promptly answered. Where schedules do not suit dates, special trains will be furnished at low rates. 34-13t

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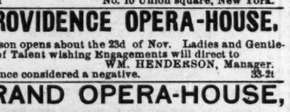

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